

CONTENTS

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
EMERSON: RADICAL DEMOCRAT	Eduard C. Lindeman	3
LONG WHARF: BOSTON	John Ciardi	7
THIS MAN'S ARMY	Thaddeus Bialek	8
CLEVELAND'S NEW MAYOR	Clayton Fritchey	13
LITTLE ITALYS	Marie Di Mario	19
IT IS NOT SO	Michael De Capite	28
THE RETURN	Joseph Remenyi	36
THE BREAKING-IN	Floyd Tillery	41
"NOBODY KNOWS" (Linoleum Cut)	William H. Smith	47
IS AMERICANISM AMERICAN?	Lawrence Martin	49
JUAN Q. CITIZEN SPEAKS HIS PIECE	Robert L. Grimes	52
LEARNING SHOULD BE MOTIVATED	Mataileen L. Ramsdell	58
ANTHRACITE MINERS (Photographs)	David Robbins	61
BURNING DOWN GEORGIA'S BACK PORCH	Lillian E. Smith	69
GREEN CITIZENS	Donald Culross Peattie	73
AMERICA BECOMES MUSICAL	David Ewen	79
ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK AND AMERICAN MUSIC	Verna Arvey	84
AN ATTEMPT AT AUTOBIOGRAPHY	Regina Gor	89
THE TWAIN MEET	Lincoln Leung	100
QUAKER STREET	James R. Gordon	104
"ENEMY ALIENS"	Alan Cranston	109
SCHOOL THAT IS "MORE TOGETHER"	Frank Eakin	113

DEPARTMENTS

Schools and Teachers, 113

From the Immigrant Press, 119

Organizations and Their Work, 121

The Bookshelf, conducted by Henry C. Tracy, 124

COMMON COUNCIL FOR AMERICAN UNITY

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COMMON GROUND is published by the Common Council for American Unity as one part of its program to accomplish the following purposes:

To help create among the American people the unity and mutual understanding resulting from a common citizenship, a common belief in democracy and the ideals of liberty, the placing of the common good before the interests of any group, and the acceptance, in fact as well as in law, of all citizens, whatever their national or racial origins, as equal partners in American society.

To further an appreciation of what each group has contributed to America, to uphold the freedom to be different, and to encourage the growth of an American culture which will be truly representative of all the elements that make up the American people.

To overcome intolerance and discrimination because of foreign birth or descent, race or nationality.

To help the foreign-born and their children solve their special problems of adjustment, know and value their particular cultural heritage, and share fully and constructively in American life.

Read Lewis, *Executive Director* Marian Schibsbys, *Associate Director*

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When in the spring of 1940 I agreed to become the editor of COMMON GROUND, I promised to serve for one year "to help get it started." On a tentative basis I continued into the second year. But a steadily increasing pressure of other work now compels me to give up the editorship after this issue. I hope the friends the magazine has made will continue active in its support.

—LOUIS ADAMIC

The Common Council publishes with deep regret this message from Mr. Adamic to the readers of COMMON GROUND. In helping to get the magazine started he has done a pioneer job. The Council hopes to carry it forward with undiminished effectiveness from the beginnngs to which he has given so generously of his time, imagination, and ability.



EMERSON: RADICAL DEMOCRAT

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

ON the eve of World War I, Hamilton Wright Mabie journeyed to the Orient for the express purpose of interpreting American ideals to Japanese teachers, students, and leaders. In his attempt to explain the importance of sectional as distinguished from national literature, he naturally dwelt upon the New England school of writers.

Emerson was, of course, the symbol of this New England ferment. He was indeed its yeast. If the Japanese intellectuals could be brought to understand Emerson, they would in the process gain an understanding of America. From a cultural viewpoint Emerson is to the United States what Shakespeare is to England and Goethe is to Germany. One wonders, therefore, what impression was made upon his Japanese audience when Mr. Mabie described Emerson as an idealist, a reformer, a shrewd observer, a writer of essays, a poet with a limited range, and a *radical* democrat.

In Emerson's time, and even in that of Hamilton Wright Mabie, the term *radical* was not used as loosely nor as mendaciously as at present. (Did not Professor William James of Harvard College call his new philosophy "radical empiricism"?) There were, of course, non-radical or shallow democrats in Em-

son's era just as there are now. Some called themselves democrats merely because of their antipathy toward aristocrats; some acquired the title because they believed property rights should be made subordinate to human rights; and many were democrats only in a political or partisan sense. Over and above these distinctions Emerson recognized a deeper meaning. His basic conception of democracy was neither political nor economic in essence. On the contrary, the more genuine sources of democracy seemed to him to be psychological, cultural, and spiritual.

Emerson was devoted to the democratic ideal primarily because it demanded freedom for the individual. He desired freedom because it was the source of spontaneity in action. Slavery seemed to Emerson the greatest human curse because it automatically deprived the individual of all possibility of free choice and hence left no provision for personal growth. His contempt for slavery was inclusive. The Negro in bondage, the industrial worker bereft of all individual skills, the scholar shackled to tradition, the literary man imitating the writers of Europe—these, to Emerson, were all slaves.

In 1862 he wrote in his *Journal* these significant words: "... in a democracy

every movement has a deep-seated cause." What he meant by "deep-seated" may be readily inferred from the context. In non-democratic societies or cultures movements may be the result of nothing more than a chance meeting of a few persons of power and influence, or of the whim and will of a master. Not so in a democracy. A democratic movement is one which has roots in the minds and the feelings of the people. Hence a people's movement is intrinsic, fundamental. From Emerson's viewpoint, then, a true reactionary is a person who either instinctively or through self-interest struggles against movements originating with the people. At the moment when the Fugitive Slave Law was a burning issue he experienced great difficulty in understanding the prevailing attitude of his conservative neighbors. Being a "shrewd observer," he went about inquiring. They, the conservatives who were angling for a compromise with slavery, told him that they "had no confidence in their strength to resist the Democratic Party" and hence they conspired to retard the expression of the will of the people. They earned Emerson's contempt: no man who distrusts the people should claim allegiance to democracy.

Emerson seemed to be extremely sensitive to the relation between democracy and simplicity. This lesson he learned, apparently, from the Puritan tradition and from his studies of Greek culture. What Emerson admired most in Greek life was its organic quality. So long as the Greeks were activated by democratic aspirations their art, particularly their architecture, carried the "stamp of necessity" and gave the appearance of an "unfolding from within." But, when democracy began to falter in Athens, the fatal effects were quickly revealed in Greek art. Deep-seatedness gradually gave way to decorativeness: inner necessity was

supplanted by external complexities. Although very few heard his voice, Emerson warned his fellow countrymen against the same tendency in American life.

He also foresaw that democracy would receive a challenge from another direction. It was not merely that the new wealth being rapidly created by the factories now springing up throughout New England was likely to produce class distinctions, nor that simplicity of taste was being sacrificed for ostentation, but that a new prejudice was being sown among Americans. Democracy, as understood by Emerson, rested upon the principle of difference, *e pluribus unum*, unity through difference. But he now began to hear the undertones of a new voice which spoke in coarse and disparaging tones against the foreign-born. The proud ones to whom America had been both kind and generous seemed to forget that they too had been immigrants, or descendants of immigrants. They spoke of those who had come later as if they belonged to a lesser breed. Emerson was quick to detect this danger. As usual he spoke forth with clarity and directness, and as always with a hopeful glance toward the future of American democracy. "The energy of Irish, Germans, Swedes, Poles, and Cossacks, and all the European tribes—and of Africans, and of the Polynesians—will construct a new race, a new religion, a new state, a new literature, which will be as vigorous as the new Europe which came out of the smelting-pot of the Dark Ages." Once more he proved himself a genuine democrat.

Emerson, one may be sure, would not have regarded those who speak of democracy as though it were a mere device for counting votes as radical or fundamental democrats. Nor would he have agreed with those who seem to believe that an extension of democratic principles to the sphere of economics will auto-

matically insure its future. Democracy was either a spiritual quest or it was a sham and a delusion. "A spiritual opportunity open on equal terms to all men"—here is the pith of the democratic ideal. Those "hard" ones of our age who have already classified Emerson as an escapist will, no doubt, pounce upon his word "spiritual" and insist that it is a word without specific meaning or content, and hence a deception. Again, we must refer to the context. Emerson frequently defines his words by the method of exclusion. For example, he assumes that the proper antithesis for the word "spiritual" is "sentimental." On the other hand, an appropriate synonym for spirituality is spontaneity. (This latter conception, by the way, is correct from an etymological viewpoint.) Emerson's classification of human needs consists of four grades: physical or material requirements, needs which are cultural and emotional in character, needs which may be described as moral and intellectual, and finally needs which are spiritual. It thus appears that he used the word as a final term in his hierarchy of human values. But he did not assume that these so-called spiritual needs were different in kind, that is, when compared with other needs, but rather different in functional purpose. Progression of human needs proceeds from an "optimism of nature" onward to an optimism which comes only through faith. A man is spiritual if his life carries a faithful tone.

Only those who believe in democracy in this spiritual manner will be capable of acting on its behalf in a crisis. This notion of Emerson's was expressed, perhaps even more clearly, by the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes who, no doubt, learned it originally from Emerson, "the only firebrand of my youth that burns to me as brightly as ever" (letter from Holmes to Sir Frederick Pollock). I

shall quote the Holmes proposition in full since it serves as a convenient point of departure for my next and last comment on the Emersonian concept of radical democracy:

"Life is action, the use of one's powers. As to use them to their height is our joy and duty, so it is the one end that justifies itself. . . . Life is a roar of bargain and battle, but in the very heart of it there rises a mystic spiritual tone that gives meaning to the whole, and transmutes the dull details into romance. . . . Man is born a predestined idealist for he is born to act. . . . To act is to affirm the worth of an end, and to persist in affirming the worth of an end is to make an ideal."

Those who believe in democracy will act on its behalf. Those who act democratically will thus strengthen their faith. From faith to action and from action to faith—this is the two-way formula which may bring about democratic realizations. To act is to believe, and to believe is to act. "Add to your faith knowledge," wrote Coleridge while addressing himself to a similar thesis, "and to knowledge manly energy."

Whether or not our faith in democracy is strong and radical in the Emersonian sense can only be determined when democracy itself is in jeopardy. Emerson knew this when the democratic fervor of Americans began to die out during the great depression of 1835-1842. Poverty and despair ruled the land. Statesmanship was lacking. And, the word was being furtively passed about that democracy had failed. In the midst of this crisis Emerson offered a series of lectures to the intellectuals of Boston on the general topic, *The Times*. In the very first of these lectures he gave vent to an almost angry protest against the pessimism then prevalent among the sensitive and educated, and he did not spare him-

COMMON GROUND

self. He used the plural pronoun, as many of us in this age should have the courage and the decency to do: "... our torment is unbelief, the uncertainty as to what we ought to do; the distrust of the values of what we do. . . . A great perplexity hangs like a cloud on the brow of all cultivated persons, a certain imbecility in the best spirits, which distinguishes the period . . . we mistrust every step we take. . . . The criticism which is leveled at the laws and manners ends in thought, without causing a new method of life. . . . It is not that men do not wish to act; they pine to be employed, but are paralyzed by the uncertainty what they should do."

A full century has passed since these words were spoken to the sober and confused citizens of Boston. They need to be spoken again. What Emerson said of the educated and the sensitive of his generation applies with even greater force to the same groups in our own age.

A great danger confronts us.

There has arisen in the world a new and ruthless anti-democratic force. The men who guide this force call good evil and evil good. When we say *freedom*, they reply that only a few are chosen to rule and all others destined for slavery. When we say *justice*, they proclaim that only force is right and all other conceptions of justice are mere fictions. When we insist that the individual must possess dignity in his own right, they reply that the only dignity possible to a modern individual is that which is re-

flected upon him by the giant state to which he must give complete acquiescence. Those who make these assertions are the conquering aggressors of our time.

How are we to reply to their challenge?

Wherever this evil comes, individuals will be tested to the depths of their souls. Then will we learn who the genuine democrats are, those who have democracy in their very sinews; and then also will we know how to distinguish those who have accepted democracy's gifts, especially its gift of freedom, without assuming any of its inherent responsibilities. The lines are now being drawn in our own land. We need not wait for the new anti-democratic aggressors to arrive at our shores. They can conquer us from within. Our disbelief will be the only weapon they require. Our disbelief and our cringing willingness to compromise with evil, these alone are enough to make us soft and vulnerable. If we can no longer cling proudly but modestly to our faith in radical democracy, then is our short experiment in self-government already ended. Only those can survive in dignity who can stand with Emerson and say, "Therefore we must think with courage," and having said the word will then step forth to do the manly deed.

Eduard C. Lindeman is Professor of Social Philosophy at the New York School of Social Work. This essay is composed of sections of his forthcoming book, *Mister Emerson Is Speaking Tonight*.

LONG WHARF: BOSTON

JOHN CIARDI

*Half deep about the hemispheres
Night burns at the lip with sun.
From capes past the horizon lifts
The revolving line of dawn.*

*From capes below the tropic comes—
Still breathing Capricorn—
The fruit boat out of Guayaquil,
Paramaribo, Colon.*

*Her forward hold is Ecuador,
Brazil is loaded aft.
Her rudder weaves from all the seas,
And all the seas hum from her shaft.*

*Oh all the reefs and all the capes
And all the bays between
Hang ice-bound from her hawsers
And wreath her churn in green.*

*And ninety shivering stevedores
With tropic at their mouths
Wait on the arctic foreman
With bleak and muttered oaths.*

*Ninety snowbound stevedores
With tropic docked and near
Freeze at the iron fences
And idle on the pier.*

THIS MAN'S ARMY

THADDEUS BIALEK

THE shoe. Does it fit? Bend your foot. Does it hurt? Pick up this pack. Does it pinch anywhere? Is it too narrow? Does the heel rub? There, that's your shoe.

For five years I hung my clothes with the hook of the hanger pointing away from me. Here I must hang them with the hook pointing toward me. It was fine, when the spirit moved, to take a solitary stroll in the park. Now I walk every morning, even if the spirit doesn't move—with the Army. Line up those bunks, line up those foot lockers! Fall in, cover off! Right, dress! Ready, front!

But, sergeant, it's more practical to have the socks on this side of the foot locker. Listen, soldier, you're in the Army. It ain't more of this or less of that or better this way or more convenient that. It's THIS WAY—and that's the way you're gonna do it. You're in the Army now, see?

Form for shelter tents to the left, march! By the right flank, march! Squad, halt! Pitch tents! Get on line there, get on line. Pull that guide rope tighter! Strike tents! Left, face! Column of threes from the left, march! Forward, march! Heads up, chests out!

Oh, for a moment alone, for a moment of quiet, for a moment to think for once for myself.

Privacy. It comes in the night vigils, with pistol on one hip, gas mask on the other. To walk my post in a military manner, to talk to no one except in the line of duty. But who is there to talk to? For whom walk in a military manner? Neither

the moon nor the rising sun is critical. How can I keep awake? how can I keep from freezing? how can I keep from dying of boredom? when, oh when, will that relief come?

How like this river the Army is. Placid, uniform, integrated, flowing in one direction. And inside—the same pressures, the same flow of command. The general eats the colonels, the colonel eats the captains, the captain eats the first sergeant, the first sergeant eats the sergeants, the sergeants eat the corporals, the corporals eat the privates, and all the little privates eat each other.

It's hard adjusting yourself to Army life—the discipline, the routine, the order. . . . But it is far harder to adjust yourself to the men themselves. Men are mercilessly intolerant of differences from their own practices. To "cinch" something at table—to empty a food plate and not hold it up for refilling—is the most unforgivable of transgressions. To "shortstop" a dish—take something out of it yourself while passing it—is almost as intolerable. It's all right to make a great noise with the mouth while eating, it's all right to leave your fork and knife spread all over the table, but try to finish a cigarette at the table before starting your meal—try it. Regulations call for keeping on your hat when under arms even while eating—but you try it!

Keep your guard up or be walked over is the law of the Army. You go specially

THIS MAN'S ARMY

to the supply room to get yourself rags of just the right size for window washing and along comes a three-year man, a private first-class, and demands, "Gimmie part of your rag." "Oh, you can go to hell, soldier." Off-duty time you are kidding with a corporal who can't take it and in a flight of rage he says, "All right, now you can shut up." You forget stripes—to your subsequent regret—and you say, "Simpkins, you're a dirty rat." At least you feel better.

Any first roll-call is an ordeal for the caller. The first sergeant or the platoon sergeant always has to resort to spelling. Greschl, Altieri, Cichowski, Niemeyer, Cernyar, Zagrapan, Ducceschi—what can a man do with these? On the drill field in

Germany, and Thompson and Greschl have a Slavic accent.

It's hard to tell what a man's background is by his name. For months I didn't even try to guess what Minnick's or Pac's or Lafratte's was. It turned out to be Polish like mine. Skoff's is Russian-Polish. Branz, who always yells about "these damned draftees" when he is drunk, is of half-Lithuanian, half-Polish extraction. Stockunas and Zagrapan are non-revealing names to me, but "Stokie" likes to sing Polish songs and "Zagiepants" talks the kind of give-away English I've heard before, "tree" for three and "trow" for throw. Grodecky sounds like a Jewish or Russian name, but he's a Polish American too, all right.



the cold dawn, all respond together to the same commands. But when they answer you know some of these American soldiers were born anywhere but the U.S.A. Simmons' voice is English, Abrahamson must have come from Sweden, Rumenapp from

I wonder if other companies are as conscious of nationality background as this one is. Standing in the chow line someone will observe, "Look, five Polacks in a row!" At table while we eat, someone shouts, "Ten guys here—and nine of 'em

COMMON GROUND

Polacks!" Maybe I'm specially aware of this because of my own past absorption in all things Polish. Yet the "Irish" are always badgering each other.

Chick Rainier is "Irish" and the wit of the company. It's not hard to wake up at six a.m. when you wake to hear his stories of the dreams he had. Chick likes to argue and has a big heart. To MacMurray's blasts at him, "You dirty Irishman," he always says, "There are two kinds of Irishmen—Irish and Shanty Irish. You're Shanty Irish." Against Kelly's superior education and superior Republicanism he beats himself endlessly. Chick tells you, "Here we are—Polacks, Dagoes, Dutchmen, Irishmen, Hunkies—all in the same Army, all out for the same thing."

But Alec has his own opinion. He's a "Uke" and whenever you rub him the wrong way, you know it: England's sure to be defeated. The Nazis have a right to run Europe, haven't they? The Ukrainians outnumber the Poles and the Bohemians put together, but when were they ever given the chance to have a country of their own?

Sabol has a little of that opinion, too, though he is far from being rabid about it. Sabol's a "Slovak" and my best friend here. He's definitely for "our side," but I can't forget what he said to me once, 'way back. I had asked him what he thought of the Slovaks' breaking with the rest of their country and forming a separate government as a puppet of Hitler's. He remarked with little hesitation, "The Slovaks didn't have a chance in Czechoslovakia; now they are getting a chance." Sabol always writes to his mother in Slovak. . . .

Hank Nitoski is a big, open-faced "Pole" from Pennsylvania. Nobody was ever liked so much by a whole company. To use his own words about one of the other men, "He's a good guy, he never insults you." By his physical prowess

coupled with extreme consideration he has won everybody. It was he who coined the meaningless but Slavic-sounding word, "uzicy." Now for the whole company—and everybody uses it—"uzicy" means "female."

The other day Vignovich, one of the recruits, said to me, "The Jews got leaves for their Christmas. Do you suppose I could get one for mine?" He's a "Serb" and belongs to the Greek Orthodox Church.

Prejudice against nationality groups is almost non-existent here. There is a trace of the anti-Semite, of the brander of the Jew as mercenary and aggressive; but it's very faint. Of the whole company only one fellow, an "Irishman," talks big talk about himself and scornfully about these "Wops," "Polacks," and "Kikes."

But against the Negro scorn is common and intense. One hears without end "they oughtn't to be allowed to own cars" . . . "damn jigs."

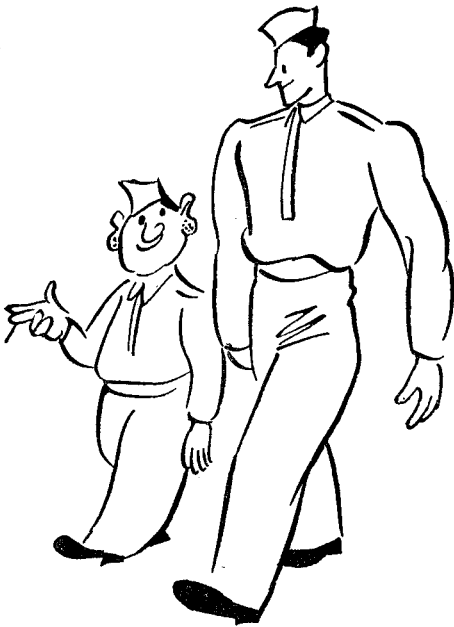
Yet the Negroes here are a proud, spirited lot. I wonder where they get their energy. The 1:30 a.m. bus to the post is always loaded with tired men who've been on the go all day, or weekend. The whites doze. The black boys talk at top pitch the whole fifty-five minutes of the run. Their drill is smarter by far than that of the whites. At any time they walk with pride. A black soldier in wrong, about to be bawled out by a white sergeant, will exclaim, "What's his rank? He's only a buck sergeant, too—he can't do nothin' to me!" In the Army, for once, a black man doesn't have to be a porter, and three stripes on a black man's sleeve mean \$60 a month, the same as they do on a white man's.

We got a batch of new recruits all the way from Texas, a thousand miles from home. Some of the boys have that homesick bewildered look. A few appear to be of Mexican blood.

THIS MAN'S ARMY

I certainly pulled a boner the other day. There's been a jovial wise-cracking soldier knocking about here whom I took to be a "Mexican." A bunch of us, including this fellow, were at the Post Exchange talking and kidding and he told a funny one. I said "*Mucias gracias.*" He turned his head and stared at me a full minute with utmost contempt, spat and stalked off. The Texan next to me drawled, "S-a-y, man, you were talking to a full-blooded Indian from Oklahoma."

It's been interesting in this shaken-up section of the nation's population to see what alignments friendships take. The chief binding force, naturally, is common membership in the Army. Wherever a



soldier sees a soldier, whether he smiles or speaks or nods or not, he is conscious of seeing a brother.

But when it comes to spontaneous friendships or natural alignment, there must be more in common than membership in the Army. Differences in back-

ground count for little because values are altogether changed. Where promotions are made in disregard of social status and where kindred personalities are not divided from each other by artificial barriers, friendships take a genuine and natural pattern, primarily along lines of emotional reactions and mental ability. Those who think fast and have a lively wit generally find themselves in each other's company.

It was not mere coincidence that as of May 12th the men known to be brainiest had supplied a sergeant and two corporals, that the group after them had supplied four privates, first-class, and one third-class specialist; nor that these were the only selectees with ratings to date.

Far behind intelligence as a cohesive force, but very strong, is "nationality." The "Irish" stick together more than not; the "Slavs" do also. This is not always evident. Bialek and Grodecky, both "Polish," have never been able to strike up even pleasant relations. The three Jews in the company, Spear, Grossberg, and Schreiber, have nothing to do with one another, while Monaghan the "Irishman" and Motko the "Slovak" get along famously. An "Englishman," a "Welshman," a "Slovak," and a "German" make up one of the joked-about cliques in the company and are always playing cards together. My best friends are a "Canadian Englishman," an "Englishman," a "Pole," a "Welshman," a "Slovak," a Jew, and a "German."

But by and large, the men of Slavic extraction are actively conscious of a strong bond, speak of each other all as "Polacks" whether of Polish, Slovak, Ukrainian, or Russian background. The "Poles" particularly are always bantering among themselves in Polish—and that without incurring the least displeasure of the "non-Polish."

Another bunch who stick together are of English, Scottish, and Irish extraction.

COMMON GROUND

But their occupational background is various: one's a mechanic, two are lawyers, one an undertaker, and one a locomotive fireman.

Conspicuous is the drinking brotherhood of Craven and Dudley. "Shorty" Craven is a small, wizened, weather-beaten river boatman with anchors tattooed on his ear lobes; Dudley is a tall, athletic Harvard lawyer.

There is also the bond of breeding, but it is anything but active. Those sharing it know simply that in an emergency calling for good conduct there are men upon whom they could depend. There is a tonic lack of snobbishness in the Army. It's "What d'ya know!" "What d'ya say!" It's being on "Hi-ya" terms with everybody. You know the cook, the latrine orderly, the carpenter. The prisoners who perform the most menial jobs on the post—collecting garbage, distributing coal, piling wood—are often men from your own company. You know them all by name, talk with them, drink beer with them. You pick up matches yourself and cigarette butts, sweat over the kitchen sink, and clean out cuspidors.

Nothing is so far from the soldier's talk and thoughts as the details of the War. Practically never does one run into a discussion of it or argument about it. It's accepted. The soldier knows it's there; there's nothing he can do about it or about America's attitude toward it—so why worry?

There's no fervor for the Army. One soldier out of a hundred is in love with it—if that many. With the picture constantly before them of civilians running loose knocking down big pay, having the pick of the girls, how can there be enthusiasm? There is only the dull grind of evenings on the post for the last three

weeks before pay, surrounded by men and wooden barracks—a fine inspiration to enthusiasm!

The men are in because they were drafted, or because they would have been drafted, and that's the whole story. Some are more wise about the acceptance of the inevitable, but they are only more wise, not much happier. What's a monthly u.s.o. show when the dingy tap-room closes every night in the week at 8:30 or 9:00 and on Sunday doesn't open at all?

Naive civilians say, "How do you like it?" "How's the food?" "How're the bunks?"—as though eating and sleeping were all there is to living.

The soldier, if asked, will tell you he prefers democracy to dictatorship; almost any man will say he prefers Roosevelt to Hitler. That's an accepted premise of his being. But dreams about the future don't fret him; that's a problem for the philosopher and the idealist. It's the now, his next pass, his next pay, his next trip home that fill the soldier's mind and give him all his good or bad feelings.

Another train load of recruits arrived today. How far away November seems now though it's only been ten months. . . . Here, green as grass, they come—from California, Texas, Wyoming—carrying their barrack bags, looking pitifully ragged. But thirteen weeks of basic training will make them uniform.

The shoe. Does it fit? Bend your foot. Does it hurt? Pick up this pack. . . .

Sergeant Thaddeus Bialek, a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, is now stationed with the 1st Chemical Company (Impreg.) at Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland. This is his first published article.

The illustrations are by Kurt Werth.

CLEVELAND'S NEW MAYOR

CLAYTON FRITCHEY

IF there are two characters in American life that the public has set ideas about, it is the ward leader and the professional baseball player. The first is a fellow with a derby, a fat cigar in the corner of his mouth, ash on his vest, and a dollar in his hand for the faithful. With his job sometimes go spoils, but never honor; he represents the antithesis of "good government." The second is a fellow with big ears, a wad of tobacco in his mouth and the IQ of a twelve-year-old. If he reads at all, he reads the pulp thrillers. And if he writes at all, it is to scratch an "X" where his signature ought to be.

Yet I know a man who was once a big-city ward leader and a great third baseman and belies both these pictures. He quit a promising career in organized baseball to study law at night and pass the state bar exams with one of the highest marks ever made. His name is Frank J. Lausche, and he is the newly elected Mayor of Cleveland, Ohio.

I should have said he is the new *Democratic* Mayor of Cleveland. That this comes as an afterthought is significant; the truth is that the one-time leader of Ward 23 was elected chief executive of his city not because he was a good Democrat, but because he was a good citizen, notably independent of partisanship and party domination.

When Frank Lausche reluctantly agreed last summer to become a mayoralty candidate it was thought he would be especially successful in lining up the "nationality" vote, for he is a second-

generation American of Slovenian parentage. But in his first campaign speech he sharply condemned block voting on such a basis. "Vote as Americans," he pleaded. And talking before a large audience composed of various "nationality" groups, he said, "We can't live separately and live successfully. We must live as a unit unmindful of the race or religion from which we come. I recoil from the thought that any might be motivated in the choice of public officials by race, religion, or nationality. That must not be."

A city-wide, all-folk figure and the first member of any "nationality" group to become Mayor of Ohio's principal city, Lausche retains the loyalty and affection of his own people. This was amply demonstrated in the non-partisan primary election that nominated him. It is almost an axiom that political candidates invariably lose their own precincts; even President Roosevelt runs second in his home bailiwick. But the precinct in which Lausche was born gave him 255 out of 269 votes.

Politically his election has national implications, for with the exception of Cleveland nearly every large American city has had a Democratic mayor during the Roosevelt era. Now Cleveland has, too, and the regeneration of the local Democratic Party under Lausche undoubtedly will have important repercussions in future state and national elections.

In the rise of this tall, strongly-built man, Clevelanders think they have pro-

COMMON GROUND

duced something new under the political sun, and this is based not so much on the record of public service he has rolled up, but on a special personal quality that seems to communicate itself with equal force to close friends and the general public. It is a quality that is elusive, difficult to define. It has been described as Lincolnesque.

Lausche has a kind of dissatisfaction with himself in the midst of success. All those who know him are familiar with the struggle he goes through in reaching relatively minor decisions, such is his fear of doing an injustice; but this seeming vacillation is equalled by his resolution after making up his mind. He doesn't have the imperfection of being or trying to be perfect. He worries about his shortcomings and inadequacies, with the result that instead of his campaigning for public honors, the public has had to campaign to get him to accept them. Frank Lausche is not naive in the ordinary way, but he has a deep innocence of character that I have never seen in another contemporary public figure.

How he got that way is not entirely a mystery; much of it can be traced to his father and mother and the home in which he grew to manhood. Louis Lausche arrived in Cleveland in 1890 at the age of 22. He was one of the first immigrants from Carniola or Slovenia, a country which was then part of Austria-Hungary but later was joined to Yugoslavia. A year later Frances Milavec, the new Mayor's mother, came to Cleveland from Velike Lasche, another community in Carniola. She was then sixteen.

Louis Lausche's first job was in a steel mill, and Frances Milavec worked as a housemaid until they were married in 1892. As pioneers the young couple played an important part in the growth of Cleveland's Slovenian colony. They helped many of their fellow countrymen

to emigrate and aided them further upon their arrival in Cleveland. They personally swelled the colony by raising ten children.

Only Ljubljana, the capital of Slovenia, has a larger population of the Slovenian strain than Cleveland, and to these people the name of Lausche has become legend. Over a long period of years, thousands of newly-arrived Slovenians got their start through Father and Mother Lausche. Their small home, filled as it was with children, always had a spare bed and an extra meal for the often frightened and bewildered newcomer from the native land. Their house, in time, became a sort of landmark for the immigrants: a stopping-place for lodging, advice, temporary financial help.

Father Lausche, already in business for himself as a wine merchant and a small real-estate dealer, saw to it that the newcomers took out citizenship papers and started learning English. "Meet the new country half-way and all will be well," he invariably advised. Mother Lausche did her share by making sure the new Americans were not too lonesome or homesick while getting settled in a strange city. She cushioned the sharp transition from Slovenia to America. She helped found and organize many societies and lodges. She turned the first spade of earth for St. Vitus' Catholic Church.

In 1907 Mother Lausche began carrying on alone, for in that year her husband died while she was bearing her tenth child. Three years later the oldest son also died, leaving the 17-year-old Frank titular head of the family. From then on he shared with his mother the job of looking after the wine business and caring for the younger children.

As he approached manhood, Frank grew to strapping proportions, and good fortune also blessed him with a large, graceful head, boldly carved features, a

CLEVELAND'S NEW MAYOR

generous mop of dark, curly hair, and a contagious smile. Above all, he developed such athletic prowess, especially at baseball, that his life was almost diverted from the course it has taken.

After playing semi-pro ball in the summertime to pay his way through law school, professional scouts spotted him and he was farmed out to Duluth in the Northern League. But this was in 1917 and the war interrupted his potential career. He enlisted and was sent to Camp Gordon. He starred on the camp team while rising to a lieutenantcy in the officers training school. After the Armistice, he was offered a tempting contract with the Atlanta team in the Southern Association. It was a lot of money for a young man to turn down, but after wrestling with the problem in his customary way Frank arrived at a customary right decision. He rejected the offer, quit baseball for good, and returned to Cleveland to resume his law studies at night.

Frank's way of playing ball is characteristic of the way he does many other things. In public life he has never been particularly quick on the trigger; he never hits and runs; rather, when he finally makes up his mind, he swings with all he has. I am told he played ball the same way. "Frank," says Jane Lausche, his wife, "was a terrific slugger; he always had to hit home runs; he was so deliberate he'd be put out at first base on a mere triple."

After completing his law studies, Frank passed the bar examinations with a mark of 97.1, standing second among all the applicants in the state. He then entered the law firm of the late Cyrus Locher, Ohio Director of Commerce and later a United States Senator. That association turned Lausche's course toward politics.

For some reason it is the fashion in America to despise politics; even politicians themselves pay lip service to this

disdain. But for the life of him Frank Lausche could not see anything necessarily wrong with it. His idea was, and still is, that politics can be good or bad in the same way that business or banking or any other walk of life can be good or bad.

Like charity, he thought, politics should begin at home, which meant the precinct in which he lived. Because of his personal popularity and his growing prestige as a lawyer, he became one of the most influential Democrats in his section of the city, but he never exploited this power for patronage, personal advancement, or to obtain a public position. That alone made him unique. Furthermore, he never could break himself of telling the truth even when it hurt the party. On one occasion, the county chairman called on him to represent the Democrats at a large w.c.t.u. rally in the hope of getting the dry votes. Lausche made a very winning speech and was about to sit down amid applause, when a heckler cried out, "How do you stand on beer and light wines?" Lausche's answer was prompt: "I'm for them."

Not until 1931 did Lausche undertake any official position in the party, and then only in an emergency. A new ward leader was suddenly needed in Ray T. Miller's campaign for mayor, and Lausche agreed to serve for the duration. He produced a big vote and a grateful mayor offered him three different posts in his cabinet. Lausche turned down all of them: he had not backed Miller to get a job. In the eyes of regular politicians this made Lausche not unique but eccentric.

Another bid to enter public life came one year later when Governor White asked him to accept an appointment to Cleveland's Municipal Court. The quality of the men on that particular bench had so deteriorated it had almost become a scandal. It needed a transfusion, and

COMMON GROUND

quickly. Lausche talked with members of his own law firm and other lawyers, all of whom urged him to go on the bench and try to set a new standard for the court. He accepted the appointment.

Meanwhile, he had married Jane Sheal, graduate of a private girls' school and the Cleveland School of Art. Frank came from Slovenian and Catholic parents; Jane from a Scotch-Irish and Protestant family. It hasn't made any difference. There is nothing Jane likes better than sitting in on one of the Lausche family musical parties when all the brothers and sisters play and sing. "Frank is wonderful on the violin," she laughs; "he plays just like Jack Benny." His brothers, Charles and William, and his sister, Mrs. Josephine Welf, are more serious musicians; when Frank was inducted to the bench they played as a trio at the ceremony.

Once a year Frank and all his brothers and sisters used to put on a midnight serenade. On New Year's Eve all the members of the family made it a point to leave the various parties they were attending to return home and sing the new year in at the side of their mother. There was never a break in this custom until she died.

Since the death of Mother Lausche several years ago, the new Mayor's wife has been carrying on the task of helping new Americans find their way. As head of the International Institute of the Y.W.C.A., she devotes much of her time to citizenship work and helping second-generation youngsters over the rough places.

One of the interesting sidelights on Jane Lausche is that when her husband became a nominee for Mayor none of the newspapers could find a picture or a line about her in their morgues, although Frank had been in the spotlight for years. She was abashed when her husband, after making a remarkable record in Divorce Court, revealed that he had been greatly

helped by an immense amount of research she had done in connection with a study he made on the modern divorce problem.

The municipal judicial post to which Lausche was appointed in 1932 was an unexpired term and ended in 1933. During that year his politically wise colleagues on the bench saw to it that most of the cases which were dangerously controversial or which contained political dynamite landed in his room. Even the calloused newspaper reporters covering the court were disgusted by this business and tried to put Lausche "wise." He thanked them but kept right on taking the cases as they came.

Perhaps it is true that the public frequently overlooks, or is ungrateful for, high performance in public office. But Frank Lausche can't complain. When his year on the Municipal Court was up, he found a demand from newspapers, the bar association, and independent groups that he run for election to the same post. He did and, in a field of ten candidates, rolled up an unprecedented majority.

He had hardly got comfortably seated on the bench, with a long term to fill, before citizens were back with another request. In 1935 they wanted him to head an independent mayoralty ticket. Speaking for numerous independent groups, the powerful Cleveland Press campaigned with page-one editorials for days to persuade Judge Lausche to enter the race.

With the support that was guaranteed him, his election would have been assured, but in the end he said "No." In his own mind, he was not ready for the job. And despite the greatest pressure, and at the risk of offending a strong and friendly newspaper, he stuck to his decision. Yet the following year, 1936, he faced new importunities—this time to help in the campaign to unseat a jurist who had become personally involved in a

CLEVELAND'S NEW MAYOR

bank scandal and who refused to resign from the bench.

Lausche took on the job of running against this judge, even though the latter was supported by the leaders of the Democratic Party. He was elected to the Common Pleas Court by a majority of 191,000 votes to 97,000. A year later he was asked to assume the chairmanship of the Party. Naturally, in view of his judicial position, he declined.

There are many good and honest judges, but about all one can say of most of them is that they are good and honest—plenty, of course, to say about any jurist, but of Lausche much more can be written. He has been both a lawyer's and a judge's judge; his trial work and the acuteness of his opinions have been far above the level of the court of which he is a member. Beyond that, however, he has been a people's judge—a dynamic force for good on the bench.

Cleveland is one of the greatest strongholds of organized labor in the United States, and no one knows this better than the community's judges. Many members of the Common Pleas Court have resorted to every conceivable maneuver to dodge trying labor cases, particularly those involving injunctions against unions. Because Lausche refused to duck these or any other type of case, it has been his lot to try a record number of labor controversies, involving hot jurisdictional disputes and bitter injunction battles. Time and again he has cracked down on the unions, especially where violence was present. Yet, when election day rolled around in November this year, both the A.F. OF L. and the C.I.O. supported him for Mayor. They knew he had called the shots as he saw them.

Last spring he rendered the community his greatest service, one beyond the line of duty and one that no other judge had ever felt obligated to undertake. Sin-

gle-handedly he smashed one of the biggest organized gambling rings in the country and in doing so risked his political future, for the protector of the gamblers was one of the most powerful leaders in the local Democratic Party.

It is not unusual for large cities to have a few private gambling clubs, operating on a small and furtive basis, but the situation in Cleveland was almost unparalleled. For years the city was ringed with a group of tremendous gambling establishments, operating openly in buildings the size of warehouses. Even the street-railway company ran special buses to these mammoth clubs. Cleveland police could not intervene; the clubs were beyond city limits.

Because of the wholesale nature of this racket most of the losses were incurred by clerks, tellers, housewives, teachers, and other ordinary workers. The operations of these clubs broke up hundreds of homes, sent scores to prison for theft and embezzlement, and drove many others to suicide. Run by mobsters and guarded by machine guns, these clubs also became the hatching ground for most of the city's organized crime and a sanctuary for killers.

Although in clear violation of the law, the clubs continued to flourish because only one official—the county sheriff—had authority to close them, and he declined to act. His excuse was that he had no knowledge of any gambling, and, when this excuse broke down, he fell back on the alibi that the clubs were in various suburbs and he could not interfere because of his "home rule" policy. Other agencies were helpless to intervene because they could get no witnesses to talk. They were afraid of being murdered if they did.

When it came Judge Lausche's turn to preside in Criminal Court, he quietly announced that the clubs would have to close. This was the customary statement made by all the judges ever to sit in the criminal division. Nobody was surprised,

COMMON GROUND

and nobody took it very seriously. First of all, the sheriff was an important fellow-Democrat and Lausche could not afford to cross him if he had mayoralty ambitions. Secondly, what could a judge do, anyhow; he had no police force under him.

What could he do? Well, he could and did comb the town until he found a fearless and energetic citizen to serve as the new Grand Jury foreman, and then he instructed the Jury to smash away at the racketeers and any public officials who were aiding and abetting them. It was a direct attack on the sheriff as well as on the mobsters. Previous Grand Juries had attempted the same kind of campaign, but not having the support and guidance of a powerful and determined judge their efforts had failed.

How to get witnesses who would talk? Judge Lausche had a list made up of persons who had sued the various clubs for losses or damages; he drew up another list of persons who were on probation for offenses to which they had been driven by losses at the clubs. The Grand Jury brought them in, and this time they talked, for the Jury was backed up by a jurist who was ready to cite for contempt. The mayors and other officials of the suburban cities in which the clubs were situated were dragged in, too. They tried pleading sick, being out-of-town, and everything else, to avoid a trip to the jury room. But Lausche wouldn't take their excuses. They came and they talked. They bleated and hedged and pleaded ignorance of any gambling clubs. When

this sort of thing crumbled, they alibied on the sheriff. The "home rule" disguise was torn apart. The sheriff was put squarely on the spot. He was ordered by Judge Lausche to raid one of the most notorious of the clubs. The raid was made by the sheriff's chief detective and it turned out a phony. The next day the detective found himself cited for contempt of court, and the bar association began removal proceedings against the sheriff. That was the beginning of the end. The ramifications of the whole campaign are too involved to detail here, but when Judge Lausche left Criminal Court the million-dollar gambling clubs were closed—for good.

Just how badly he injured his chances of becoming Mayor by fighting a powerful figure in his own political party is best shown by his record victory. Looking back over the Lausche mayoralty campaign, one is struck by the absence of demagoguery, pledges, or promises. What was it about him that inspired so many to vote for him?

There is an answer of sorts and it was made by a Clevelander who doesn't even know the new Mayor. "Maybe," said this man, "I can't explain exactly what democracy is, but I felt I was voting for it when I dropped Lausche's name in the ballot box."

Clayton Fritchey, a member of the reportorial staff of The Cleveland Press, contributed the article "Cleveland's Humble Hercules" to the Spring issue of COMMON GROUND.

LITTLE ITALYS

MARIE DI MARIO

THERE are perhaps a dozen communities tucked in shabby corners of New York City that can be called Little Italys. These quarters include a combined population of more than a million. Homogeneous as this population may appear to outsiders, any self-respecting Italian would explosively denounce the artless lumping together of representatives of eighteen regions, which, with their independent historic backgrounds, are further carved into about four times as many provinces and about one hundred times as many *comuni*. In fact, an Italian seldom refers to himself as an Italian among his compatriots; he identifies himself with a tiny town, much as we might say "Bronxite" as though that explained everything.

Village loyalties are strong, and the lively scorn one group feels for a neighboring group is just as vigorous as tenement activity will permit. The staccato, consonant-ridden dialects of the north Italian are almost as bewildering as English to the south Italian, who uses a fluid, spineless tongue. North Italians are fussy in preparing piquant sauces, flavoring foods with wines and herbs, and tempting perfectly healthy appetites with fragrant soups, "to open the stomach." But south Italians often content themselves with one robust course of vegetables and legumes prepared in the simplest fashion and sometimes eaten from a large family bowl. Indeed, the magic in culinary art emanating from the north of Italy is more familiar to Americans than to the agricultural south Italians. The expert can

determine the region from which a grocer comes by the way he slices *preciutto*, a salted, pressed ham. There is but little compromise on the question of food among Italians, all of whom seem to feel contempt for the fare of their compatriots other than their immediate *paesani*.

Differences of this kind are emphasized in America, where workingmen tend to cluster in factories and on construction jobs according to the trade skills peculiar to their native provinces and towns. Comparatively few north Italians have migrated to this country. They generally gravitate to marble and granite quarries where they continue as stonemasons with their old associates. South Italians who hail from agricultural communities usually turn to unskilled labor. Those who come from villages with a special communal talent, such as piano-building or cabinet-making, draw one another into factories specializing in these skills. Italians from southern regions who are enterprising enough to try business usually set up shop among their fellow-countrymen.

These differences in dialect, food, and occupation tend to segregate provincial groups. There is no open hostility to mark these variations, but only a slightly maddening tolerance expressed in good-humored pranks. Each group lives its own life, has its own leaders, celebrates its own holidays, and weaves its own gay clamorous way through the complicated internal patterns of the Little Italys.

The representation from about 1,800 *comuni* (the equivalent of our town-

ships) is by no means proportional. Restless youths from the north and from cities drifted across the Atlantic only in unimpressive numbers. They were usually individualistic enough to shun the protective sheltering of Italian groups and seek their fortunes singly. But some southern Italian villages have been almost completely depopulated and transplanted to gloomy tenements in Greenwich Village or East Harlem. Household impedimenta, particularly prized mattresses and trousseau linens, were often carted along, and with the help of various good-luck charms to ward off the evil eye, village life was telescoped into layers of railroad flats. These southern *paesani*, unused to city ways and timid of contacts for which their sheltered Old World community lives had not prepared them, herded together and perpetuated their imported traditions, to extract comfort from familiar faces and customs. They persisted in their expansive habits of sharing their lives with relatives, neighbors, and friends.

The fine knack of the Italian for transforming any chore into a social event, for instance, was not left behind in Italy. On Mulberry Street, Signora Maria D'Angelo sallies forth in the middle of the morning, two or three children clinging to the inevitable black skirt, a couple of deflated oilcloth bags pinioned under her arms. She is only 35, but child-bearing and economical starchy meals have made her dumpy. She sways and waddles in a curiously dignified walk, planting each foot firmly on the cement, as though still pressing it into her warm native soil. Some of her many relatives and friends have died, and it has become easier to wear black all the time. To insure a capacity house on her own last journey she must be careful to observe all the prescribed periods of mourning, according to the tie of the deceased, and to attend many

funerals. The morning sun is warm through layers of black cloth. It is a little hard pushing the baby carriage with her knees, but she rests often. In fact, just as the carriage is hoisted over the curb, she is hailed.

"Buon giorno, Comare," cries Giulia, one of Maria's eight goddaughters. "How are you?"

"Sick. Alla time sick," Signora Maria replies, eager for undeserved sympathy.

"'Ow's Mamma, Pappa, eh?"

"O.K. What's bothering on you, Comare?"

"Pains. All over pains," Signora Maria wails.

"Got fever?" Giulia applies a hot hand to Maria's cool brow and wags her head. "Is pains alla time, too, before Rosa she die."

"Eh, Comarella, Ernesto he say I drink too much water. It rots the bridges, he say. Drink wine is what I do. Goobye." Satisfied, Signora Maria pushes on.

Tony's green peppers look crisp and shiny, but she is cautious. She pokes a fat finger into one.

"'Ow much, Tony?"

"Sign say three for ten," he replies with exaggerated patience.

"Too much." Signora Maria squeezes a hard pepper, and it bounces through her fingers. "Soft. Like grandma's stomach, soft."

"Every twice a week I got peppers. Fresh from the farm. Three for ten." Stolidly he goes back to trimming his heads of lettuce.

"Awright. Goobye. C'mere, Sonny." Signora Maria collects her brood and moves off slowly, knowing she will be called back.

"Five for fifteen. I lose money. How many?"

"Seven. For twenty, yes?"

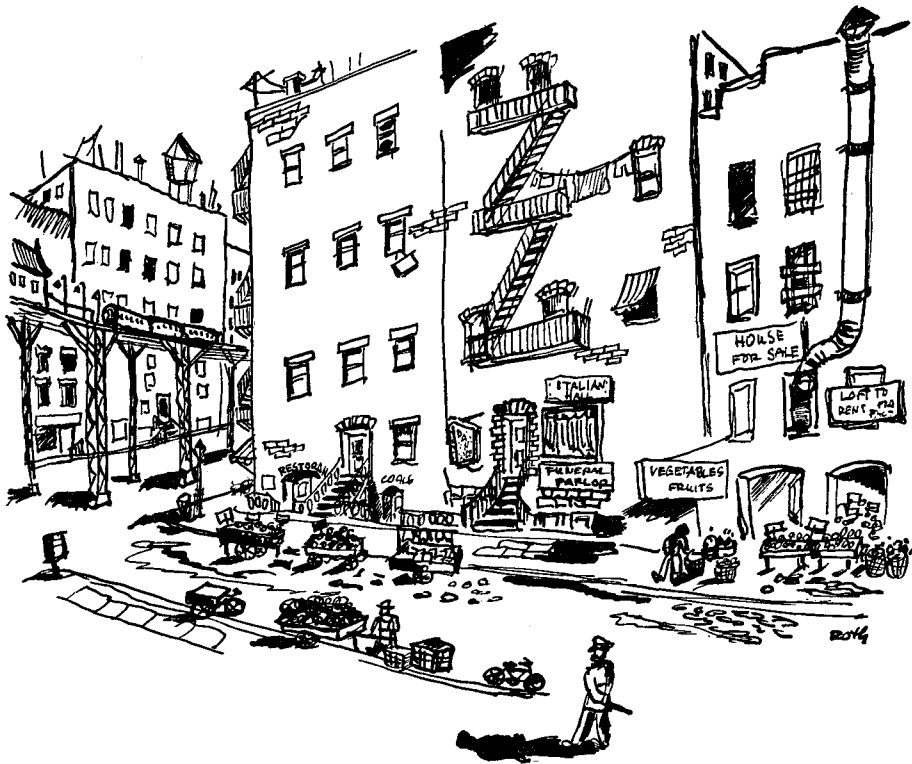
"O.K. I lose money." Tony wraps seven peppers in a single sheet of an

LITTLE ITALYS

Italian newspaper, and flings them expertly into the oilcloth bag. Brightly he accepts the twenty cents as though it were more than he expected. And Signora Maria moves on, glancing at peppers all through the market to make sure she wasn't cheated.

Sometimes the purchase is varied when a pair of billowing bloomers, pinned to a line strung between two poles over a pushcart, takes her fancy. After some haggling during which the bloomers are stretched to capacity and the seams tested for endurance, they join the vegetables in

Gala days are the religious feast days. Of all the quarters, East Harlem still has the most colorful festivals in honor of patron saints. Each group of *paesani* has its own favorite, and there is much rivalry in paying homage to their respective protectors. The Madonna Immaculata is exhorted to perform miracles superior to those of the Madonna del Lauro and bribed with donations and offers of sacrifice. For several days before the feast day, the main artery of the quarter is canopied with intricate designs of colored electric lights. Merchants and clubs who support



the black bag. Occasionally, she buys a pair of eyeglasses for her husband by the simple process of determining whether they are becoming to her. In the late afternoon she gathers together her purchases and her obstreperous brood and marches home to prepare Pappa Ernesto's supper.

the patron saint join in planning a full day's program starting with a parade.

The chief feature is an effigy of the saint mounted on a board with four handles like a stretcher. On one occasion an ambitious club leader planned to herald the approach of the saint with a realistic

angel, impersonated by his six-year old daughter Gilda, who did not share his religious fervor. A stout rope had been stretched from the third story of one tenement to the second story of the tenement opposite. Gilda, clad in a gauzy garment with filmy, flappy wings was to be suspended from the rope by a pulley arrangement, and gravity was to complete the flight. She enjoyed the advance publicity but, on the scheduled date of performance, she balked. Fully dressed in her angel's robes, she took refuge under her bed, but was finally forcefully propelled, shrieking and beating the air, over the heads of the gaping crowd.

The parade is led by the saint and four stretcher bearers groaning under its weight. The saint, made of plaster and board, is clothed in royal blue, scarlet, and gold paint. The accompanying pagantry is reminiscent of the grandeur that was Rome plus the glory that is Harlem. Vendors of uniforms find their decaying businesses revitalized with the demand for costumes of the old imperial army, the fringe-laden full dress of colonels and generals. Peasants, now road laborers, pay princely sums to be a commanding officer for a day. In rich blue cloth outfits, with crossed broad red ribbons from shoulder to waist, they clank with medals purchased in Grand Street near Mulberry Bend. Frothy plumes of two colors bounce arrogantly on Napoleonic hats, and long swords imperil every step. The trousers catch under their heels, but the army marches valiantly, cheered by admiring families lining Little Italy's streets. By-standers dart out, and the parade halts while bills are pinned to the saint and coins are flung on the stretcher. The procession moves on to the church steps, the saint and contributions are delivered into the priest's safe-keeping, and the regiment disbands.

At night, the most emblazoned street is cleared of lettuce leaves and vegetable debris and roped off from traffic. A band is stationed at one end playing folk songs for the older people, and another at the other end with dance music for the young ones. Later there are deafening fireworks, and the saint's day ends in a blaze of rockets.

The guiding spirit behind these festivals is almost always a "mutual benefit society," a home-made insurance idea common in many new-immigrant groups. Among Italians, the membership of these societies is almost always drawn from persons of the same province or township. In return for a small monthly payment, members are entitled to free services of a doctor, several months of partial support during illness which prevents working, and a sumptuous funeral, complete with flowers and music. A meeting place is usually donated rent-free by one of the members for monthly gatherings generally devoted to money-raising plots.

The most popular form of drawing in money is a banquet, usually in a society member's restaurant. The men discard their work pants for hired tuxedos, and the women replace their ample aprons with tightly stretched black satin evening dresses which still have enough seam left to accommodate the year's spread. The children come, too, and slide along the waxed dance floor between courses. The highspot of the evening is a raffle, preceded by weeks of frenzied ticket selling. The prizes are usually contributed by members who have stores and are glad to get rid of unsaleable stock with a magnificent flourish of philanthropy. Awards include such things as "goods for pants" with hardly any moth holes, or rose-budded bedspreads only slightly discolored from shop-window dust and exposure to summer sun. The

LITTLE ITALYS

proceeds of the banquet and the raffle swell the treasury, and the society is once again prepared to cope with the ravages of illness among its members.

In such ways, Italian immigrants in the past proudly kept themselves from becoming burdens to their new country. Yet, now, many of these societies are drawing their last breaths; their present economic plight defies solution. In spite of efforts to remain self-sufficient, financial troubles are becoming so common that membership rolls are shrinking, and the gala events of the past are dwindling to perfunctory affairs. Older folk can no longer keep up payments, and young men and women are impatiently turning away from a financial panacea dependent upon door prizes and raffles for success.

There are other clubs, too, devoted exclusively to amusement. Although almost every Italian home enjoys an unchartered club status, the men find their social life cramped by the presence of women and numerous children. They prefer poker, played in billowing cigar smoke under a naked 300-watt bulb, to bridge with the ladies. The women seldom raise objections; they welcome the privacy to compare notes on recent illnesses, funerals, and other doleful happenings which temporarily lend importance to otherwise uneventful lives.

At first the men ganged up in corner saloons and cafes for heart-warming wrangling about the news from Italy, or the possibility of getting a newly arrived *paesano* into the shop, and to enjoy a few mellowing glasses of red wine. But it was expensive to have to keep paying for the privilege of talking to one's *paesani*, particularly when work was slack or *Mamma* was going into one of her numerous confinements. Gradually the idea of forming clubs, where expenses could be kept

at a minimum, took hold. Clusters of *paesani*, men from the same shop and their friends, drew up charters, rented a vacant store, gold-lettered the windows, and made their social debuts.

The mystifying drawn blinds or half-painted windows one sees on so many store-fronts in our Little Italys conceal nothing more sinister than these groups of tired men seeking to escape the female chitchat at home, enjoying their oaths without censorship, and arguing about whether *Il Duce* was or was not a socialist before he took a size 48 in a *duce's* uniform.

These social clubs are more or less alike. There are the inevitable round tables covered with peeling oilcloth sticky with dried wine, rachitic kitchen chairs meant for straddling, a smoky oil stove or two covered with apple parings, a gas range, and an ice box with the odor of ripe cheese. The most handsome piece of equipment is likely to be a magnificent cash register with a fine resounding ring; the higher place keys are rusty with disuse, for no sale over 99 cents has ever been recorded. For the sum of 50 cents a month, a member is entitled to endless political debate, delightful shop talk, and broody poker games; to laugh joyously when he wins, and to sulk glumly when he loses, in which case he stakes the boys to a gulp of wine. On nights when there is no tuneful jingle of coins in his trouser pockets, he joins the crowd around the defeated old couch and listens to talk of Mussolini, of which there is much lately.

Most of these men have long since ceased to feel a personal interest in Italian affairs except where their status as Italian Americans is affected. Young persons of Italian descent are generally impatient of any concern their parents feel about Italy. The older men are usually tired laborers, intensely occupied with getting into labor

COMMON GROUND

unions, with the necessity for keeping their tables laden with squirming spaghetti in a pool of meat-rich sauce, sprinkled with grated goat-milk cheese. When they come home after polishing a day's quota of piano cabinets, they want to relax in their long-sleeved undershirts, read newspapers they can understand, and talk with other men who read the same papers. If the publisher has something to gain by giving them predigested and garnished information, they have no way of knowing. In the years before the present war, it was good to learn that Italy was resuming its tradition of leadership among the world powers, that American newspapers were giving credit where credit was due. Didn't the Italian-language papers say so in black and white?

But things are changing now. It is becoming increasingly difficult for the Italian American to continue his approval of recent domestic developments in Italy. He is not so fickle as wholly to relinquish his filial feeling toward his mother country. But, while not so long ago he borrowed prestige from the present government in Italy, now admiration of that government leads to disfavor in an American community. Most Italian Americans, like Americans of any other national background, follow a political trend according to the pressure exerted upon them and according to the advantages they believe will accrue from their expressed loyalties. Italian immigrants never made a concerted effort to support domestic developments in Italy, but simply accepted the improved status resulting from American approval of Italian affairs.

The withdrawal of that approval now affects everyone. Even Antonio, the grocer, smooths his moustache, shrugs his shoulders, and with an "Eh, bene!" reaches into the store window, lifts out a puffy bust of Mussolini from the center of an elaborate display of tomato paste cans,

and substitutes a picture of a Red Cross nurse with swirling cape and outstretched hand. He is more interested in creating a good impression on his customers and neighbors than in the change in the international situation.

The rank and file of these older immigrants are *no menace* to the democratic government they sought in economic desperation in their youth. Now that they are aging, the old country is only something to talk about at the club. La Guardia, Marcantonio, Cotillo, and Covello are more real to them than Mussolini, Ciano, and Badoglio. Little Angelina's prize for dressmaking at Public School 139 is more important than cousin Umberto's medal for valor in the invasion of Greece. And the coming club picnic is most interesting of all.

Many of the second generation like myself, born in the Little Italys but who have since strayed, have experienced the sensation of coming from a foreign country. Many have parents who don't understand them when they speak English. Their name days are celebrated as well as their birthdays. Inferior Italian cooking is more palatable to them than excellent American cooking. There is little preparation for adventures beyond the Little Italys because the older folk are timid of excursions to other parts of the city. On the rare occasion of a shopping expedition outside the quarter, Mamma squeezes into her tightest corset, changes her black crepe for black satin, and all the children are scrubbed clean. Endless questions are asked about transportation, and trolley-car transfers assume the importance of passports and visas. Those who are daring enough to leave the quarters in later years must learn to overcome the feeling of strangeness given them by their parents.

In general, Italian immigrants have not had the funds to educate their children.

LITTLE ITALYS

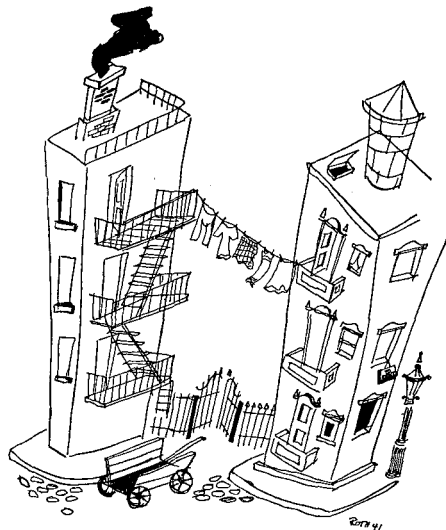
Large families, seasonal lay-offs, and a traditional reverence for labor dictated that children work as soon as they were able. Even now one sees youngsters hardly out of the cradle, pushing through the crowds at the markets, selling bunches of parsley, lemons, and large paper shopping bags. Before they reach school age, they have behind them an honorable business career, which proceeds on a part-time basis along with their educations. The girls are enlisted as household assistants, and while they are still small, they begin to help their mothers with piece work done at home to earn a little extra money. Many kitchens are equipped with frames like curtain-stretchers over which filmy dress material is tightly spread for beading and embroidery. Spare moments are spent over the frame, while neighbors sit around and gossip.

As soon as the coveted elementary-school diploma is won, the boys join their fathers in modest peddling businesses or in factories and construction jobs. The girls take in more piece work to be done under the vigilant eyes of their mothers, who probably also need their assistance in raising the younger children. In time, the girls marry young men of their parents' choice, and soon a new set of babies replaces the retired six-year olds at the markets.

At least this was the prevailing pattern for many years. Then it changed abruptly. While work was plentiful, education was a waste of time. Yet, with the Depression and a shortage of work, heads of families were favored, and the young men were left with time on their hands. In New York City, free colleges lie within easy walking distance of several Little Italys. There are also trade schools where a boy can learn to make anything from a cigar box to an airplane, and a girl can learn to cook oatmeal à l'Americain or to design a swanky cruise wardrobe. Art, music,

and science schools are free and easily accessible. To keep a boy at the task of learning was preferable to having him roam the streets in search of mischief. The girls, however, still had to struggle for education, for there was always housework to do.

But there were pioneers to break the ice. The weakest point of any Italian's



personal armor is his pride. If Tonio, who came over from Italy with Domenick, could produce a college graduate in the person of his son, Pietro, couldn't Domenick do the same with his Guido? And if Giulia could teach in the school around the corner, so could Annina, who had just as much brains and maybe more looks. Emotional reaction accomplished in one deft stroke what would have taken logic a few generations. It was pleasant to be able to convert idle children from liabilities into profitable investments, and city-college culture smote the Little Italys a vigorous blow.

The societies of the parents are gradually giving way to the professional clubs and trade unions of the American-born younger people. Their organizations are

COMMON GROUND

devoted more to business affairs and less to social events than the older clubs. Younger people make friends as individuals, not as members of a group by heritage; their social life is a personal, not a community, affair. So are their political beliefs. The reactions of Italian American youth to the present situation in Italy are much the same as those of other young groups. They know little about the country of their fathers, and care less, except as Italian affairs affect American policy. The Selective Service Act is their immediate concern, and their emotional response to it does not differ from the response in Americans of other strains. To some, it is an adventure; to others, a nuisance; and, to a few, a patriotic duty. Mussolini does not enter the picture. And Italian women, except for a few zealous leaders, care no more about politics than most women.

The gradual social fusion of Italian Americans with other Americans is a two-way affair. It is not unusual now to find an Italian patriarchy crumbling under the impact of noisy young Americans who come home from work with son Giovanni to sample the spaghetti. And Pappa likes it. He is proud to have his home invaded by friendly Americans, and they in turn usually like the spaghetti well enough to come back for more. With these new contacts of the children who seem to inherit their parents' love of company, home life is more hectic than ever. There is no embarrassment about inviting to dinner several more persons than there are forks, and a few unexpected guests means only that the soup is diluted a bit. If Pappa curbed his hospitality, he could probably afford to abandon their railroad flat in favor of a cozy Bronx apartment with running hot water. But then he couldn't invite their friends up just for baths, and they'd all be unhappy enjoying their splendor so selfishly.

The mingling of young Italian Americans with other New Yorkers is also being aided by the introduction of social agencies in the quarters. If financial necessity had not driven the proud Italians to accept community help, illness would probably still be ward off with various incantations aided by garlic strung about the neck. But the new agencies have gently wooed Italian women to come in social groups to learn the mysteries of baby feeding and child hygiene. Cereals and milk are now making a shy appearance on high chairs in place of spaghetti and wine, and the ladies are becoming convinced that frequent bathing does not soften the bones. Progress is a little slower with the men, who regard illness as a form of effeminacy. It is a struggle to keep them from selling the brown bottles of cough medicine they receive free at the clinics, and they still make their own diagnoses which tend always toward the gloomier side. But nurses and social workers are becoming familiar figures in the Little Italys, and while they have not yet been adopted within the bosom of the family, they may reasonably hope soon to attain the warm status of "relative."

In community centers, supervision of children's play is offered; there are gymnasium and club facilities for older boys and girls. The corner gangs are breaking up, and the desire for activity beyond what the family can offer is directed into constructive channels. In an atmosphere of this kind the obvious surface markings of the "quarter child" are vanishing. Children are comfortable only when they are like all other children. Teachers and social workers generally try to make of them carbon copies of youngsters of old-stock heritage, to give them the poise they will need when they are older. Though, perhaps, when all the variations have disappeared, educators will then begin to subject Italian American children to pro-

LITTLE ITALYS

gressive education so that they can learn to be different again. . . .

The Little Italys are losing much of their distinctive character. It is difficult, however, to agree with the lamenting of New York journalists who feel that housing and sanitation improvements are being wrought at the expense of picturesqueness. It is not the poverty-bred litter of the streets but the Italian himself who supplies the piquancy that will endure in spite of cleanliness. Little Italys may become Littler Italys, but they will never wholly

disappear—for any Italian American home filled with relatives and friends will qualify as a miniature quarter.

Of Belgian and Italian descent, Marie Di Mario is assistant to the director of records and statistics of the U.S.O. With this article she makes her first appearance in a national magazine.

The illustrations are by Wolfgang Roth, theatrical designer, who exhibited recently in New York City.

IT IS NOT SO

MICHAEL DE CAPITTE

CARLO looked at the red wine in the half-empty quart bottle and rubbed his beard with the back of his hand. Then he poured most of the wine into the two thick glasses on the table. Bernadine crossed his short legs under his chair and with a stubby, wrinkled hand grasped his glass.

"Una volta, Carlo," he said, looking at his friend across the table, "one time I was at the festa of San Giovanni in Naples. I was there with my father, and we were bringing in our cart, laden with grapes. From all sides, from all the hills came the oxen dragging the wooden tubs filled with grapes to be pressed."

"Si," said Carlo, tasting his wine. "We had a festa like that in our village."

"But this was different, very different. No one worked that day, and the bells from all the churches rang like chimes from the heavens."

"It is possible," said Carlo. He struck a match across the table to light half of a De Nobile cigar.

"But it was so," said Bernadine, his small, round face flushing. His greying hair fell forward as he leaned toward the light. "It was so. In the cafes the men sat, while others, following the blessed white oxen, played their accordions. And the boys and girls danced on the grapes, with the purple juice streaming into the pails."

"A wonderful event," agreed Carlo.

"Bellissimo! The sun came up like a flame that day, and the unmarried girls,

with roses in their braided hair, with sweat gleaming from their lips and eyes, looked like golden paintings as they danced in the streets. Truly a spectacle to bewitch one. It was not like work, Carlo, it was like music. The very air seemed drunk with the ripe, sweet juice of the grapes."

"I can believe it," said Carlo, watching the dregs in his wine glass.

"And then at night, the breeze from the bay fanning the charcoal fires in the streets and cooling your body like fresh spring water. Yes, Carlo—most beautiful. Perhaps some day we will go, eh?"

"Bernadine, tu sí pazza," Carlo said. "You are crazy. Maria!" He turned his head toward the kitchen. "Let us have more wine."

"But it is so," said Bernadine. "Have I not been there, have I not seen with my own eyes?"

"Si, and how long ago was that?"

"What does it matter, it never changes. I remember well. Maria—" Bernadine called to Carlo's wife—"come and listen." Then to Carlo, "We are paesani. From Rivesondoli. We grew up together, your wife and I."

"Yes, I know," said Carlo.

"No offense, eh?"

"Perché, why?"

"Well, no matter. In America ways are funny. But I meant no offense."

"It was not my intention to infer any," said Carlo.

"You are both crowing like women,"

said Maria, putting down a quart of red wine. "A few more glasses and you will roll into bed together."

"My wife is noted for her civil tongue, Bernardine," said Carlo, filling up the glasses.

"A drink of wine and he talks like the Pope." Maria placed her hands on her massive hips. "Drink sparingly. There is little enough of it."

"No matter," said Carlo. "Nuncio is coming tonight. He will bring more."

Bernadine shifted in his chair.

"Maria, I was telling Carlo about our village. You remember how the sun came over the mountains in the morning?"

"It is so long ago," said Maria. "It is only a dream. I have not time to think of it."

"But it was so, eh? The snow on the mountains was like a white pearl then,

and eating walnuts and sweet wrinkled pears and drinking wine. It is good."

"Yes, it was good," said Maria.

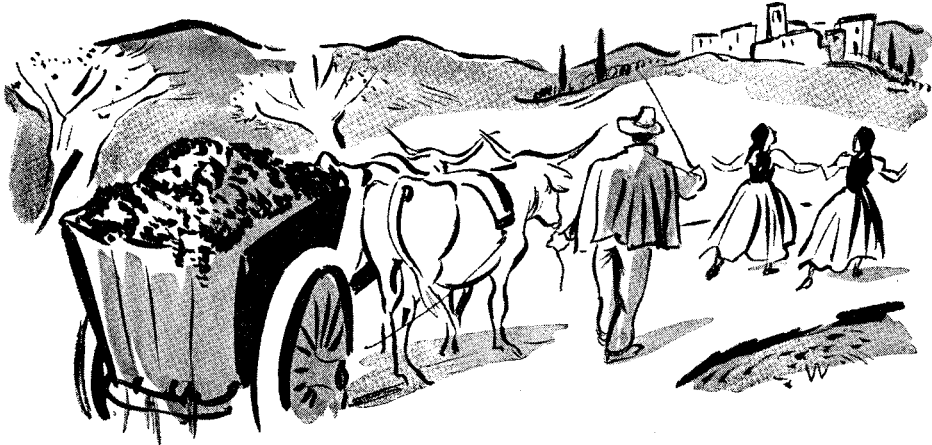
"You know, *amici*, one day in January I was walking in the hills. The Apennines rise above our village and shut us from the rest of the world, and at night or during the day we had nothing to do but walk in the hills. Well, one day I was thus walking, and do you know what I found?"

Carlo lifted his eyes.

"An almond tree! *Si*, in a warm place in moist earth, under a great stone—an almond tree with all its flowers. Was that not a wonderful thing in January?"

"Remarkable," said Carlo.

Bernadine took a deep breath and spread his hands, as if addressing an audience. "And in the summer you get up in the morning with the smell of



and in the evening a radiance like a purple jewel. *È così?*"

"Yes," said Maria. "It was like that."

"Ah, indeed," said Bernadine. "It is like that. And it is good." He slapped his knee. "Si, it is good to drive the cows and goats in the evening along the foothills in Rivesondoli. And at night in Frascati's tavern playing *tressetti* by the fire, with smoke from the oak twigs in the room,

orange blossoms. And after your work with the vines is done, you go to the village and stand in the piazza by the church tower and talk with your friends."

"You make tears come easily," said Maria.

"Truly remarkable," said Carlo.

"You have a heart of wood and a liver of stone," snapped Maria.

"All the same, Bernadine, *tu sí cotte*—

COMMON GROUND

you are drunk," said Carlo, paying no attention to his wife.

"No, no," protested Bernadine. "È così. It is like that."

"Why did you come to America then?"

"Perduta la testa!" said Bernadine, tapping his forehead. "I lost my head. It was after the War. Maria, remember Gaetano Perroni?"

"The name is familiar."

"I was back in the village," Bernadine went on. "Crops were poor that year; even the grapes shriveled on the vines. Then one day Gaetano came back, looking for a wife. He had gone to America before the War. He was wearing a gold watch chain that stretched across the width of his stomach, and Gaetano was a fat man. He was dressed up like a peacock, a velvet hat on his head. He bought everyone wine, and he never tired of talking. Jobs were plentiful, he told us. Money flowed like water to the sea, and every day there was meat to eat. The young were swept away, but I was older and I hesitated. But there was Gaetano strutting in front of me every day, and there were stories from others who had written, until I too had to give in. I had no time to think."

"It is difficult to think under such circumstances," said Carlo, chewing his cigar.

"It is true," said Bernadine. "I came blindly, but I will go back."

"For fifteen years you have been saying it, Bernadine," said Carlo. "Anyway, let's drink on it." He lifted his glass.

"Words cost little," said Maria.

"No, no—I mean what I say!" Bernadine was serious. "With others words may be cheap; with me it is different." He paused. "It is not because I am only a shoemaker here. You know it is not, eh?"

"Of course not," said Maria.

"No one said so," put in Carlo.

"It is something else with me. I am not happy here. That is it. I was not young

like the others. I remember my father and mother and our village too well. Now Nuncio—he came with me and he likes it here. But with me it is different." Bernadine took a deep drink and wiped his mouth on his shirt sleeve.

"Yes, Carlo and Maria, some day I will go back. I have not saved my money for nothing. I will go back to Rivesondoli and buy a little farm from Don Tribiano. I will raise grapes and olives, and I will have a cow and, if the crops are good, perhaps some sheep. I will build my own house—two stories—and I will paint it white. Of stone I will build it, of the stone from the hills. My father taught me well with the hammer and chisel. I will build my home, and then I will get a wife."

"A young man is speaking," said Carlo.

"A man who needs a wife is always young," said Bernadine.

"You speak beautifully," said Maria.

"Perhaps it is the nature of the wine," said Carlo.

"And when did wine cause such words to come from your mouth?" asked Maria.

Carlo laughed and poured himself another glass. There was a knock on the door.

"Nuncio perhaps. Open, Maria."

"Nuncio Mazzetti!" said Maria from the door. "Make yourself welcome."

"Si, welcome, friend, welcome," said Carlo, turning and shading his eyes to see the newcomer.

Nuncio stepped into the room. He was a big man, over six feet, with a heavy red face set above broad shoulders.

"Grazie," he said loudly. "But the wind is a fury tonight. Ah, Bernadine, how are you?"

"It is a pleasure to see you," said Bernadine, inclining his head a little. "As for myself, as well as can be expected."

"And the wine?" asked Carlo.

"I have brought two gallons," said

Nuncio, taking off his coat. "California grapes."

"Does the wine business thrive?" asked Maria.

"In these times—so-so," said Nuncio.

"Will you have a glass with us, Nuncio?" Carlo looked up at his friend.

"With pleasure."

"Why not have him drink from the bottle, so he can catch up with you?" Maria said to Carlo.

"Disregard her tonight, this wife of mine," said Carlo. "Some day she will impose on my good nature."

"Nuncio," said Bernadine, shifting in his chair. "Nuncio, I was telling Carlo and Maria about Rivesondoli—remember?"

"I do, but vaguely," answered Nuncio, gulping his wine.

"Indeed," said Bernadine. "We came over together, did we not?"

"Macché," laughed Nuncio, smacking his lips. "Seventeen hundred of us packed on one steamer, this I remember."

"It is true," said Bernadine.

"But you know," Nuncio continued, "on the day when America was sighted, it was different. Suddenly all of us, seventeen hundred men, women, and children, were in the front of the ship looking at the land. It is a wonder the ship did not sink."

"Remarkable," said Carlo.

"Mothers lifted their children so they could see the promised land, and such a chattering of dialects! A pig of a Sicilian kept poking me in the ribs. '*Vide! Vide!*' he kept shouting with his foul breath—as if I couldn't see. And it was something to see the Statue, eh, Bernadine?"

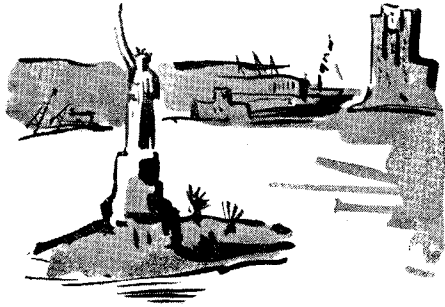
"The Statue?" repeated Bernadine, puzzled.

"Si, the Statue. It was you who pointed it out to me."

"The Statue—ah, yes, I remember." Bernadine passed his hand over his eyes.

"For a moment it was like giving us a smile to wipe away the tears of our memories."

"A sniveling *bambino* kept crying '*Montagne, montagne!*' at the buildings," said Nuncio. "Once I thought Naples had buildings, but these were mountains



of stone, verily. And what a miracle of boats and whistles around us! Bernadine saw a barge coming our way and cried for a life-boat."

"You did, eh, Bernadine?" asked Carlo.

"I had never seen such boats before. And truly it was coming our way."

"A fine sight," said Nuncio. "It made me believe all the things about America I had heard in our village."

"It was a sight," said Maria. "I did not know whether to smile or weep."

Bernadine sipped some wine. "You know one thing, *amici*? I did not feel right about it even then."

"If I may be permitted," said Carlo—"for what reason?"

"As soon as I set foot on the pier and saw the buildings and trains, something started eating inside of me. And when Nuncio's cousin brought us to our rooms—two miserable boxes with the back side of a building to wake up to—I was already telling myself that in Italy we had the sun, the fields, and the mountains at night to look at."

"Bernadine!" interrupted Nuncio with an exasperated gesture. "Must you talk forever on this subject?"

"But it is so," said Bernadine. "È così."

"We eat, we have wine and bread," said Maria, almost to herself.

"Still I will go back. You see, I am unhappy here."

"You are living in another world, Bernadine," said Nuncio.

"No, it is the same today. It is always the same."

"Do you read the papers?" asked Nuncio, irritated.

"They tell me nothing."

Carlo straightened his back and relit his cigar.

"If I may be permitted to be presumptuous, my friend, there is a war."

"The war," said Bernadine with a dismissing gesture, "it will end."

"It goes bad with Italy," said Maria.

"Yes bad—from joining hands with German barbarians," said Carlo.

"The war will end," repeated Bernadine.

"You speak with a goose's tongue, Bernadine," said Nuncio.

"I was in the last war," said Bernadine. "For four years we thought it would never end. Yet afterward people went on living and I went back. It was the same—the sun, the mountains, the pines on the hills."

"But this time," Nuncio insisted, "even Rivesondoli is changed."

"It is not so," said Bernadine. "It will never change."

"Listen then: You remember Giovanni Fucci of our village?"

"The one who moved to Chicago years ago?" asked Maria.

"The same," said Nuncio.

"I know Giovanni," said Bernadine.

"But did he not return to Italy?" asked Maria.

"Wait—you are ahead of my story. Two weeks ago I was in Chicago on a business trip. Having not seen Giovanni for many years, I decided to pay him a visit. After all, we are *paesani* and he came to America two months after I did. You know Giovanni is a bricklayer?"

"A remarkable bricklayer," said Carlo, drinking his wine.

"Giovanni never wanted for work. He made money when most of us were look-



ing for jobs. And three years ago he went back to look for a wife and buy some land."

"An intelligent man," said Bernadine.

"And what happened!" said Nuncio.

"The government was selling land cheap, so Giovanni, he bought fifty acres. A rich man in Italy—fifty acres. And he married

a girl from our village, a daughter of —" Nuncio paused significantly. "Guess who?"

Maria leaned forward, and Carlo and Bernadine squinted their eyes.

"— of Don Tribiano!" Nuncio announced triumphantly.

"Impossible," said Bernadine.

"Remarkable," said Carlo, while Maria shook her head in doubt.

"Impossible or no, it is so. Think of it—of Don Tribiano! At one time Don Tribiano would rather spit than nod his head to the *cafoni*. Ah, but Giovanni, no—he's a rich man from America. So the old man can wink his eye. And besides, things are not going so well with him any more."

"Is this true?" asked Bernadine, stirring.

"Is there a tail on the devil?" said Nuncio, annoyed. "So Giovanni buys land and marries and builds a house. The first letter from him makes me turn green, and I curse my father's grave for not making me a bricklayer, and I curse America for not giving me work. But after a year, a second letter. The government takes half of Giovanni's wheat, one-third of his potatoes, and one-third of his beets."

"No," said Bernadine. "The government does not do that."

"Another season," Nuncio turned and addressed himself to Carlo, "a flood wipes out his crops, ruins his home. And he has to pay taxes. But he has money left, that Giovanni. A big-money man. And he stays and works the farm again."

"As my father used to say," interrupted Bernadine, "a good man on good land—that is enough."

"Now Giovanni raises some grapes and makes wine." Nuncio still addressed himself to Carlo. "But he cannot sell the wine or he will have to pay a tax. And—listen to this—the tax is more than the wine brings in!"

"It is not so," Bernadine said.

"The government pays Giovanni another call, but Giovanni kicks them out."

"A remarkable man, Giovanni," said Carlo.

"So the carabinieri come and arrest him and call him a traitor."

Bernadine shook his head.

"By the time Giovanni gets back, he has no money to begin the next season, so he is forced to sell to a fat pig of a man who just sits around and buys up all the land the peasants have bought from the government. The peasants have to sell because they have no money to run their farms. That is how it is."

Bernadine shook his head. "These are tales, Nuncio—*non è così*. It is not so."

"Porcheria, but you are stubborn!" shouted Nuncio, turning to Bernadine. "Have I not the words from his own lips?"

"I know it is different."

"I know it is different," mocked Nuncio. "Listen further then, Bernadine. Rivesondoli is not the same. Other tales I have heard. Radios blare in the streets every minute of the day, and bands play so much you cannot even think. Banners wave from the stores, and boys in black shirts, scarcely out of their diapers, march with clubs and knives in their hands, their faces red with shouting. Even the women are possessed—the young women who should be learning how to be wives—they march without shame next to the boys and shriek as if Satan were their God!"

"No, no," said Bernadine, shaking his head.

"Maria," Nuncio went on, "remember Teresa's girl, Angelina?"

"Si, she was two when I left."

"Angelina did not join the other girls. She kept to herself, a nice girl. Then one day the possessed devils pounced on her, dragged her shrieking from her mother's

house, shaved off all her hair, painted her face green, and then carried her through the streets. A traitor, they said."

Maria made the sign of the cross.

"These are tales," said Bernadine firmly.

"I am telling you what has happened. In the mornings the priests of the church have to scrape off paint splashed on the sacred images during the night—'Fascismo' written on the steps and on the Virgin Mary!"

"The Virgin Mary?" repeated Carlo, unbelieving.

"It is not so," said Bernadine, squinting at Nuncio.

"And where is Giovanni now?" asked Maria.

"And where do you think?" said Nuncio as if anyone should know. "On relief. Giovanni is a changed man. His wife is on his neck and he swears at her in English. They argue day and night. One night he tells me about these things and the next, when I bring up the subject, he is not the same. He smashes his glass to the floor and looks at me with murderous eyes. And he says, pointing his finger at me, 'Nuncio Mazzetti, if you want to remain my friend, never, never must you mention these things to me again!'"

Nuncio sighed heavily and emptied his glass. "That is Giovanni Fucci."

"These are tales," said Bernadine. He took out a blue handkerchief and wiped his brow.

"You try one's patience," said Nuncio.

Bernadine's chin jutted a little. "Nuncio, you are my friend, and we came over on the same boat together, but tonight I do not believe you."

"You would not believe a wart on your nose if it were there."

Bernadine turned his face away from Nuncio. "Maria," he said, changing his

tone of voice. "Maria, remember how the sun comes out of the Apennines, remember how in the morning—"

"What can you do with this stubborn Abruzzian?" Nuncio interrupted.

"Nuncio," said Bernadine, looking him full in the face, "you should not repeat tales like these in front of your friends—not even in a joke. What you have said is not so. In fact—" Bernadine waited a moment—"in fact I believe you are lying."

"I am what?" Nuncio's face became red.

"I said—" Bernadine chose his words—"that you are a liar."

Nuncio rose.

"What I have said is as true as my mother bore me."

"Do not speak blasphemy," said Bernadine, angrily now. "You are lying. I say Italy is the same. I know. And tonight you are lying."

"It is as I have said." Nuncio's veins swelled out on his neck.

"No, *non è così!*"

"Abruzzian dog!"

Bernadine picked up his glass and flung the wine into Nuncio's face. Maria screamed. Carlo tried to get up on his feet.

"Liar," said Bernadine, standing, tears in his eyes. "Tale-spinner. Liar! Bugiardo!"

Nuncio lunged forward and grabbed him by the throat. Bernadine swung out with both fists, flailing Nuncio's shoulders.

"Let go," Maria screamed. "You are choking him! Nuncio!"

When Nuncio opened his hands, Bernadine slumped to the floor, his face white. Nuncio looked at him for a moment, then picked up his coat and walked out of the room. "Abruzzian dog," he muttered. "Foul Abruzzian dog."

Maria dampened the hem of her apron

IT IS NOT SO

and bent down to bathe Bernadine's neck and eyes. "Poveretto," she said softly. "Poveretto."

Carlo looked at them stupidly.

"Carlo—Carlo—" Bernadine's voice was hoarse.

"Carlo," Bernadine called again.

"Yes, my friend," said Carlo finally.

"Nuncio—" Bernadine lifted his head.

"Nuncio was lying, eh? What Nuncio said, it is not so?" He tried to sit up.

Carlo took the cigar out of his mouth.

"Non è così, eh?" asked Bernadine,

taking hold of his arm. "Nuncio was lying! It is not like that!" Tears were coming easily now.

"Carlo!" cried Maria, shaking his arm.

"Yes, my friend, Nuncio was lying. You are right." Carlo patted Bernadine's hand and looked at Maria. "Non è così," he said.

This story is a section of the novel, You Can't Hinder the Wind, which Michael De Capite is now completing.

The drawings are by Kurt Werth.

THE RETURN

JOSEPH REMENYI

THE Ford was a weather-beaten product of America, but a sensation in the Hungarian village where I found it. Beside it stood its owner. In his posture and expression was a mingling of pride and satisfaction, shadowed by a kind of boredom that aroused my attention. Either the car would not move or he was waiting for someone. Children stared at him; a dog sniffed the tires; the man chased the dog away.

"This car must have traveled a lot," I remarked.

Condescendingly he replied, "It did."

"You returned from America?"

"Sure, I did."

"From where?"

"Ashtabula, Ohio. And you?"

"Cleveland."

"I worked in a Cleveland foundry," he said.

"You brought your car from America?"

"Sure, I did."

He liked to use the word "sure" even in his Hungarian vocabulary. It spread a special air, a kind of superiority.

"What do you do?" he inquired.

"I teach in a college."

"Well, well . . . an educated man."

I asked him how he enjoyed his auto trip.

"Bad roads."

"There are good roads, too, in Europe."

"Some. The main highways. But too few filling stations. Few roads that compare with American roads. In southern Germany I had to have some repairs made. It took them a whole day. You

would expect the Germans to be more efficient. That's what I like—efficiency—by golly!" His face was smoothly shaven. His suit had evidently been bought in an American department store.

"Is this your native village?"

"Yes."

"You are going to remain here?"

"That was my intention, but I am changing my mind. Five months is enough. I never would have come back, but my wife insisted. She wanted to see the cemetery where her parents are buried. Nonsense—to come back just to see graveyards."

"You are an American citizen?"

"Sure. No one bothers you if you travel with an American passport."

His English consisted of a few mispronounced, amusing expressions, mixed with Hungarian words.

His wife stepped out from a nearby house. Her clothes too had come from an Ashtabula department store. A stout, jovial person, she was untroubled by her dimensions.

I introduced myself, and said teasingly, "Your husband just told me it was you who insisted upon returning, and now you are both sorry."

"He shouldn't be sorry," was the woman's answer. "He can boss me here; in America he couldn't." She quickly added: "Just let him try to boss me!"

We laughed.

A while later I was walking along the creek outside the village. What had

THE RETURN

brought me back? Could one recapture the past, and if so, what good was it? . . .

I came to a lively patch, a verdant smile of the earth. I am not a villager; I was a city dweller in Hungary before emigrating to America, and visited these villages out of mere curiosity. But now I felt an affinity with this couple with the Ford. Our American life beat in us. I smiled at the green patch by this creek in Hungary, knowing that such spots existed in Michigan and Iowa and Connecticut. And I sensed that something of the sort was going on in the heads of these two people returned from America. Walking on, I looked into a little garden and for a moment I had a mad awareness of being back in Chagrin Falls, Ohio, gazing on an American garden. I wondered how I might sustain this experience so it would not disappear. The temptation of being intellectually ironic about one's sentiments was furiously thrust back. But I also knew that this alarming consciousness made me unlike the peasant couple.

I met them again, in the home of the man's sister. She was large and strong, the incarnation of a peasant woman; more from the soil than the soil is often willing to give. Her husband was on an errand in town. On the wall was a picture of her and him taken on their wedding day; in his Sunday best and in his happiness the husband looked almost ferocious; his moustache bristled with joy. . . . The woman brought us glasses of wine, then left us alone to talk about America.

"See how they live," the man from Ashtabula remarked disparagingly. "No bathroom, no rugs—and a bed in this room which is really their living-room."

"It's clean and comfortable," I remarked.

"Oh, it's clean enough, but we had a refrigerator in America," said the wife,

"and a five-room house. We sold it before we left."

"It was you," the husband interrupted, "who wanted everything sold."

"All right, I know, it was my fault," answered the woman, "but it was the Depression too. My husband"—she turned to me—"had been out of work one whole year before we decided to come back to the old country."

Through the window one could see the hills surrounding the village.

"What did you expect to do when you decided to return?" I asked the man.

"Buy a house and a few acres of land."

"What makes you change your mind now?"

"We have not yet changed our mind," said the wife. "But we are just on the point of changing it." She smiled. "I'll tell you what happened. As long as people in the village here know you are a guest, they are fine to you, they try to please you. But when they know you are going to stay . . . well, that's another story. I know we are different now. We changed in America. I can't get used to their ways here."

Her voice betrayed dogged resolution to remain different.

"After all," she said, "sometimes one does long for things."

"What things?" I asked her.

Her eyes lit up. "For praise."

"Praise?"

"The kind one doesn't get only for work well done or for knowing how to make money or for not being a cheat."

"What she would like to say," her husband tried to interrupt her. . . .

She stopped him. "Shut up. You see, he talks like a European husband."

It was obvious that she struggled to express her mind but lacked the words.

"I know what I want to say." Her voice was warm. "I am really not looking for

praise, but for the people that I dreamed about back in America. I wanted to feel that when we met, God would be pleased and God Himself would be praised." As she stood there with determination not to let this visit destroy her American dreams of this place, I wanted to tell her that the past is always an unreachable realm. But I only looked at her and kept silent.

"Never mind," consoled her husband, "wine is still good. And cheap! It is so cheap one is almost ashamed to pay so little for it."

"He would say that!" exclaimed the wife. Then she was called from the room.

For a time her husband and I talked alone.

"Where have you worked in America?" I asked.

"Oh . . . in Buffalo, New York, Pittsburgh, and Cleveland, and finally we settled in Ashtabula. We were twenty-two years in America. I almost always had a job. Even in bad times. You know," he said with his face turned away, "one reason I am somewhat ashamed to go back to Ashtabula is that they will kid me. My friends tried to keep me from going back to Europe . . . but no, I had to go."

"What did you like specially in America?"

"Well . . . except for last year I always had a regular job. I could save money. And I was the treasurer of our benefit society. I had a car. By the way, do you know that our county judge here will not even look at my car? Gentleman's pride, I reckon. He has a horse and a carriage, of course."

"What have you been doing with yourself here these past five months?"

"Thinking. And, to be honest, I've decided I can't be a peasant any more."

I felt as if a folksong had lost its meaning. I may have looked unperturbed,

but my life passed swiftly through my mind. Like this man, I too was in quest of something; it took me to America; now I was back in Hungary. I was a college teacher in Cleveland, but I could not express my feelings in the manner of this ex-peasant. Both he and I were looking for the place where we belonged. "Look homeward, angel!" Yes, yes; but where? To America? To front porches facing indifferent streets? To industrialized existence? To summer evenings ripped by the aggressive noise of automobiles? . . .

"Didn't you tell me you have children?" I asked.

"One daughter."

"She is in America?"

"Yes, married, in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania."

"Is she asking you to come back?"

"No—not exactly. In America the children don't belong to us. In the past five months we have had only one letter from her. She is married to an Irishman. But he is a good fellow. I had to bail him out twice."

The wife, returning from the other room, nodded.

"What I really miss here is variety," the man said. "You know . . . the movies and noise. I like noise. The factory whistles. Here, you see nothing but cows and oxen and chickens. Nothing happens. I am even tired of the land."

"He likes noise so much he has to make some," his wife said.

"But the wine," said the husband, paying no attention to his wife, "the wine is good."

"And the air?" the wife interrupted.

"The air is good too. You should have been here in the spring. It was beautiful."

"In the early spring when we arrived," the woman said, "I could have kissed the ground. I was so happy."

THE RETURN

"Both of us were happy," said the husband. "Sure."

"And the people," said the woman, "they were nice to us. They took us from house to house in the village. The fields were still bare, yet sweet as the face of the babe at the breast of the Virgin. Imagine, even the county judge invited us to his home and asked about America. You would be surprised how much he knows about the United States! I'll tell you he knew more about American history than we do. Of course, he has education. He probably knows more than the clerk who examined us when we took out our citizenship papers. He said Jefferson was a great statesman and I only remembered Jefferson Street in Pittsburgh. . . . Oh, those first days were fine!"

"For instance?"

"Well . . . I would not have minded working in the fields again, because we used to sing and then spin in the evening. I would have liked that."

"Sure," the husband added, "you see, we had not been here for twenty-two years and hardly anything had changed. And we imagined ourselves young again, as young as we were when we left here years and years ago. We surely were young that day when we arrived in the village. I tell you, I felt like a boy."

"Younger than when we left twenty-two years ago," sighed the woman. "Because then we had to sell every little thing we possessed, and we knew that we would have to cross the vast ocean and go to a world where they didn't speak our language."

"Yes, yes," said the man, "it is a good feeling to be in a place where everyone understands your native tongue. I know that I speak a rotten English and my wife does not speak it much better."

"Not even as well," smiled the woman. Then, with a gentleness that made her

face almost attractive, she said, "The nights here are so quiet and lovely."

"The other night," said the husband, "I went out to the street and walked up and down, up and down, whistling an old song. You know the song the Gypsies play?" He whistled a few bars. "And the moon was shining."

The wife burst out laughing. "Your American foreman ought to hear you talk like that. He would think you were crazy."

"Didn't you tell me," the husband retorted, "that when you are listening to the frogs you think you could stay here? Now tell me—what's the difference if I rave about the moon or if you talk about the frogs that could keep you here? It's our imagination, I suppose. Funny how this imagination makes everything beautiful. It even makes you forget what you miss here . . . the bathroom and the movies and all the other things one gets in America."

"And the ducks . . . the beautiful white ducks," said the woman softly. "Have you seen my sister-in-law's ducks?"

"And have you heard the nightingale sing?" asked the husband. But then he added: "If only the roads were better. My car is a wreck because of the awful roads. I won't have a tire left."

He smiled. Then he said, "Do you know the road from Ashtabula to Erie?"

I said I did.

"That's a beautiful road. Part of the way you see the lake as you drive. There isn't a road like that in all of Hungary."

"They can't repair the roads," the wife said, "because they have no money to do it with. The cows and horses don't need good roads. Neither do the peasants. But I'll tell you something. Do you know they are now beginning to take care of the children of the poor here as they do in America? I know social workers . . . fine, educated ladies . . . who come

COMMON GROUND

here from the city and teach and explain to these peasant mothers how to feed and bathe their children . . . what to do before and after birth. . . . There is some change, you see. And these ladies—well, they talk like American ladies—they are not proud. One even talks English and very nicely too.”

I asked the woman: “What is it you really like here?”

“I don’t know,” she answered. “Maybe it’s the little pigs in that sty. There are eleven—you ought to see them.”

“I think you will stay here,” I said.

“No,” said the husband definitely.

“Maybe,” hesitated the wife.

“Conditions are quite bad in America,” I said to test the quality of their decision. This was in 1933.

“Oh, conditions will improve,” was the sudden answer of both. “I think we’d better go back,” the woman said decisively.

“Because of your daughter?”

“I suppose. . . .”

“No other reason?”

“Well, we have our friends.”

“And here?”

“Only relatives . . . and we can’t be peasants any more. We belong to the city. Ashtabula isn’t a bad town.”

These words were followed by a shaken calm.

“We are Americans,” I suddenly cried, and knew that the little and big things that build homesickness for one’s native country can be counted on to arouse

longing for America in the returned emigrant. The intimacy of greatness, fair play, expanding generosity, and understanding. . . .

“You bet,” said the husband, “we are Americans. We came back as you did; now we know.”

The sister of the man from Ashtabula entered the room, leaving the kitchen door open. Through it we could see the table laid with its red and blue checkered cloth with a big bowl in the center. The fragrant smell of gulyas spread over the room. The oil lamp gave a yellow light; the dog lapped at his dish in the corner of the kitchen. We heard the heavy tread of the husband; he had returned.

Outside, the shepherd herding his flock to every house called a good night. Small squares of gold shone from the village houses as one by one the lamps were lighted. A horse neighed; a cow stamped in the stable.

With the simple dignity of the Hungarian peasant, the sister asked me to have supper with them.

Sitting down to the table, I heard a train whistle. It was the local, evidently in no hurry to reach the last station. Yet it seemed to me I had heard the signal of an American train.

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THE BREAKING-IN

FLOYD TILLERY

AFTER my father had presented me with my birthday gift, a handsome wrist watch engraved, "Thomas Hadaway III, From Dad, December 10, 1936," he took hold of my hand to congratulate me, saying, "Son, you're getting to be a man now, and it's time you're learning something about dealing with the niggers and running the plantation here at Rural Choice. I'll begin settling up with the croppers this morning, and I want you to stay in the office with me while it's going on."

An hour later the big yard in front of the commissary was crowded with plantation Negroes waiting their turn to hear how they had "come out" with their cotton crops during the year. Dad was seated at his desk with his ledger spread out before him and the "account-books" of the fifty sharecroppers near at hand.

He ran his stubby fingers through his iron-gray hair, shoved his spectacles above his large brow, and turning to me said, "All right, Tommy, we're ready to start. Call in Old Sam—he's always first."

Bowing low and holding his crumpled hat in both hands, the old Negro entered the office. Dad had readjusted his spectacles and was busy figuring. Uncle Sam scraped his feet, first one, then the other, to attract attention.

"Well, Sam, confound your sorry old hide," the Boss-Man finally began, his head bent over the ledger, "you ain't done so well this year. You've took up too many rations—had too many preachers and grandchillun and lazy kin-

folk putting their feet under your and Sally's table. Had too many doctor-bills, too. You made a fair crop, but you lack fifty-two dollars of coming out."

"Yas-sir. Yas-sir. Thank-ee, Boss, thank-ee," the old man answered, scratching the white hair around the rim of his bald head. "But, Marse Tommy, hit looks lak I jest 'bleeged to have a little Chrismus money fer what's soon comin' on."

"What the devil do you need money for?" my father stormed out in a way that didn't frighten Uncle Sam in the least. "You can get all the clothes and victuals you and Sally need, right here in the store, can't you? All the Christmas junk, too. Here—here's your gallon jug of good corn liquor I'm giving you. What else do you need?"

"Well, Marse Tommy, you see us is jest 'bleeged to pay de preacher what us done pledged to de Chuch. 'N, den, dere's de conjur-doctor what us still owes sumpin' on fer his 'spellin' de rheumatiz fum Sally's jints. 'N, den, us is got to make de last payment on de Bible what us bought fum de man dis summer. 'Sides, Boss, you knows a nigger jest natcherly ain't happy, 'n hit don't nebber seem right to him, less'n he got a little money in his pocket to rattle at Chrismus time."

"Thunderation, Sam," Dad answered, still figuring on the old Negro's "account." "You ought to steal chickens and sell 'em to get money for all that kind of damn-foolishness!"

COMMON GROUND

"You knows us ain't gwiner go in yoh chicken-house, Marse Tommy!" Uncle Sam giggled.

"Hell, I didn't mean steal my chickens, you old fool! I mean why don't you niggers here on the place steal one another's chickens and sell 'em to get your pocket-change and church-money?"

"Mebbe us does, Marse Tommy—whut few dey am to steal. But us eats dem chickens; 'caze you'd sho ketch up wid us ef'n we tried to sell 'em to you. 'N, den, anyhow, Marse Tommy, you'd take de wuff o' de chickens when us sold 'em to you, 'n 'ply it on de 'counts what us owes you, to balance up things lak—now, wouldn't you, Marse Tommy?"

Dad chuckled, just as the old man knew he would.

"Come on, Marse Tommy, please, sir! You know dis ole nigger done been livin' here at Rur'l Choice all his life. You know he done wucked pow'ful hard fer you all dis year. Gib him a little Christmas money, now, please, sir! Hear, Marse Tommy?"

"All right, Sam. I've got it all figgered out again. And I'm going to let you have ten dollars. Here it is: forty silver quarters. That'll make sixty-two dollars you'll start off the new year owing me. Get on out, now, you sorry old devil—and don't you dare drink up all that liquor without giving Sally her part."

All during the day I called in one sharecropper after another for his "settlin'-up." Very seldom did the records show that one of them had "come out." I was glad Dad kept busy figuring at his books as he talked to the croppers. I was afraid he might glance up and see the sullen looks on some of the younger Negroes' faces. The big lumps of muscles on their huge arms and broad shoulders, showing through their ragged clothing, frightened me as I thought of what could happen. Most of the men, however,

left the office in good humor, with their gallon jugs of liquor, for not once did the Boss-Man refuse to advance them money on their next year's crops.

Late in the afternoon, between settlements, while he was refilling his pipe, I mustered up enough courage to say, "Dad, why is it all the niggers work hard and make good crops but don't ever get out of debt—and still you make plenty off the plantation and out of the store? It doesn't seem you'd keep on letting them have more money when you say they owe you so much at the end of the year."

The owner of Rural Choice turned slowly in his swivel-chair, pulled his slouch hat to one side of his head with a sort of jerk, then looked at me steadily for fully a minute before he spoke.

"Listen, Tommy," he began, "ain't you got a nice comfortable home to live in? Don't you have plenty of good food to eat and nice clothes to wear? Don't you go to school nine months every year, and don't you have a horse of your own to ride? Do you ever have to go out into the hot fields to work? Do you ever want for anything I think you ought to have? Do you?"

"No, sir," I answered, not knowing what he was driving at. I suppose he read something in the tone of my voice that displeased him.

"Well, by-gad, that's the reason! That's the reason these niggers do all the work and we make all the money! We'd all perish and live no better than the niggers if I didn't manage the way you see me doing—settling up like I am. I'd never be able to pay the rich bankers, and I'd never be able to furnish all these helpless niggers, too, with rations and clothes if I didn't manage the way I do."

I still didn't understand. But I kept looking him straight in the eye as he had taught me to do.

THE BREAKING-IN

"Take Old Sam and Sally. They've been at Rural Choice all your life and all mine, too. They're happy and satisfied—you couldn't run them off the place with a shotgun. You never hear them complaining. Why should you be so worried about the niggers' staying in debt and your daddy making all the money? . . . Call in Mose; he's next."

The "settling-up" was finished about dark. We went up to the house for supper, then came back to the office, and Dad showed me how the accounts were kept, how the interest was added, and how he made new entries for the coming year. Suddenly he closed the ledger, drew his chair up to mine, put his hand on my knee and began talking as if he were worried about something.

"Tommy," he said, "you just don't understand about niggers. There's a lot you got to learn before you'll be able to take over Rural Choice when I'm gone. When I was just a little older than you, I had to take over here. And what I'm telling you now about the way to handle the labor is just what your grandfather told me. He said I'd got to get this in my head first of all, son—and so will you: a nigger is just an animal, put here on earth by God A'mighty to serve the white man. A nigger ain't got no more sense than a mule and no more soul."

He stopped talking a minute to clean out his pipe stem, and I said, "But a nigger's a human being, ain't he, Dad?"

"Yes, I reckon so—maybe. But treat one of 'em like a human being and you'll spoil him. Give the black rascal all he earns on the farm, and he'll get sorry and trifling. Let him ever get out of debt to you and he'll run off and leave you. And if you don't knock him in the head with a rock or give him a good beating with a pair of plowlines at least once a year, he'll get sassy and impudent—then you'll

have to grab up a gun and kill a good sharecropper. You understand?"

All I could say was, "Yes, sir."

Christmas time soon came. The commissary was packed for several days with the plantation Negroes buying silk stockings, sharp-pointed shoes, "mean-look-in' pocket-knives," perfume, hair preparations, cigars, fruits, and confections until they had spent all their "cash-money." Then they began calling Dad aside to ask if they couldn't "git jest er little sumpin' on de books, lak a small sack er flour, 'n maybe a piece er meat."

"Hell, no!" the Boss-Man would storm out. "You don't get a damn thing on next year's account until ploughin' time! You've bought all this junk here with money you ought to have spent for clothes and rations. Now, go hungry, damn you, until you start working again!"

My next lesson in "nigger-handling" and "plantation-running" came when the croppers were sent into the fields with their teams and ploughs to begin breaking land for the new plantings. Dad told me he wanted me to begin working in the store on Saturdays "to help out the clerks in the rush and learn something more about the commissary business."

We went there one night after supper so he could give me my instructions.

"Now if the niggers ask you the price of meat, say," he began, "tell 'em it's ten cents a pound, or whatever it happens to be selling at. But when you charge it on the books, multiply by twelve instead of ten—two cents over; that's to take care of loss through the meat drying out on us and the salt falling off in hauling and all that sort of thing. And if you happen to cut off a little over what they ask for, ten pounds, say, why, just put

COMMON GROUND

it down as eleven. That's how we take care of the over-weight losses we suffer from the picayunish white customers we have to deal with."

I suppose he read the astonishment in my face and eyes.

"What the devil's troubling you, Tommy?" he asked without giving me a chance to answer. "Do you think your daddy's dishonest and a dirty scoundrel? I tell you, son, you got to learn how to run Rural Choice, and the way I'm showing you, to break you in, is the only sensible way you can ever deal with niggers on a big farm."

"But, Dad," I managed to say, "this way of doing things seems almost like slavery for the niggers! Besides—"

"Hell, it is slavery! And who's ever said anything against slavery but a bunch of soft-brained, sore-headed Yankees!" Dad was getting red in the face, just as he always did when anything came up to remind him of the War Between the States. "You don't think Abe Lincoln's high-falutin' Emancipation Proclamation actually set the niggers free, do you? Of course the Damn-Yankees finally whipped hell out of us with their superior numbers; but the nigger ain't never been free and he never will be!"

He was more serious than I had ever seen him before.

"I know what you've been taught in school, Tommy," and his big hand clamped down on my leg so hard it hurt me. "But let me tell you something that ain't in the books. The plantation owners and the bankers and the politicians all understand that a nigger can't ever be anything but the white man's slave—he ain't got enough sense to be anything else. He wouldn't know how to use money if he had it—you've seen how they throw it away here at Christmas time. Anyway, how do you think I'd be able to pay the taxes on this place and

keep things going if I let the niggers make any money? You can't explain it to them—you just have to take out a little bit here and there and never let them know anything about it. Can't you understand?"

"But, Dad, it seems like it'd be better to give up raising cotton altogether—if it has to be done this way." I don't know why I said such a thing, but I did.

"Hell, Tommy! We got to have cotton just like we got to have meat and bread! And it's up to us plantation owners here in the South to raise it. And the only way to raise it cheap is with nigger labor, like I'm trying to show you."

When the end of the month came, I learned about the "banking charge." It worked this way, Dad explained: Although the ten-cent meat had been entered on the cropper's account at twelve cents a pound, an additional "ten per cent interest" was charged to the entire sum he owed at the end of each month, which of course made the meat cost about twenty cents a pound in the end. "Merchants have to charge interest the same as bankers, Tommy," he assured me, "else they can't pay the damn bankers at the end of the year."

My final breaking-in came at cotton-picking time.

Dad sent me into the fields with the teams and wagons late every afternoon to help the overseer weigh the cotton, most of which was picked by "floating" labor for seventy-five cents a hundred. The pickers would gather the cotton from the bolls into their large osnaburg sacks, then empty the sackfuls and pack the cotton into the hampers, made of white-oak strips, each basket weighing about twelve pounds and holding about eighty pounds of cotton.

"Take off from fifteen to twenty pounds for each basket to make the

weights come out even," Dad instructed me. "And don't be too particular about making the steelyards break just level when you're weighing up. Learn to 'ride' the beam and catch the 'pea' with your hand, quickly, this-a-way. And if you call out seventy-five pounds in a basket, set it down in the books at sixty-five. The niggers don't try to keep up with the weights, and couldn't even if they dared. We have to handle the cotton-picking this way to take care of the dirt and trash and dew and the drying out."

I was paying close attention to the steelyards, but I felt that he was looking directly at me during this last explanation. There was no way of deceiving him.

"You still think I'm a dirty robber, imposing upon poor ignorant niggers, don't you, Tommy?" Dad threw the steelyards down on the ground as he spoke. "Tell me, son, where in thunderation did you get all this conscience-stuff about niggers, anyhow? Have they been teaching you that sort of tommyrot in school? You just wait. As you grow up and begin taking over here at Rural Choice, you'll learn there's a hell of a lot of difference between high-flown, impractical ideas and plain honest-to-God horse sense."

"But won't the pickers know, Dad? And wouldn't you make enough money out of the crops, and out of selling the hands stuff in the store without having to do it this way? Seems to me they'd grumble to themselves and—"

"Listen, Tommy—do you ever hear these niggers complaining about cotton weights or anything else? Don't they all trust me and respect me? Do you ever hear any of them talking about wanting to quit and leave? No. All a nigger knows, son, is hard work. And all he ever cares anything about is something to eat, a place to sleep, plenty of women and chillun and corn liquor, and a good

funeral once or twice a year. You do like I tell you, now, about this weighing-up business—unless you want the niggers to starve to death and all the rest of us to be sent to the poor-house."

I had been weighing up cotton a week when something unheard of in our community happened. All the landowners began receiving unsigned letters notifying them that the Dover County Cotton Pickers Union had been organized, and demanding an increase in pay for cotton picking. Some of the letters had coffins drawn on them and underneath the coffins the words, "This for you if you don't come across."

Dad cursed nearly all night when his letter came.

Saturday morning, while he and I were standing on the front porch of the commissary talking, we saw more than fifty Negroes making their way up the plantation road from the cottonfields. Dad let out a terrible oath. Then he snapped his slouch hat tightly over his left eye, bit down on his pipe stem, and waited, both hands crammed deep into his trouser-pockets.

Mose Johnson led the procession. When they reached the yard, they stopped and huddled closely together. Mose stepped out a few paces. Dad remained silent, looking steadily at the giant black man on the ground about four feet below the store porch.

"Mr. Hadaway," Mose began, after having removed his sun-hat, "us is come up here to tell you dat us wants er dollar-'n-a-haff er hund'ed fer de cotton-pickin'. Us cain't pick no moah fer no less'n dat."

Dad's eyes were flashing-mad. The veins about his head and face were bulging like hard, knotty muscadine stems. He smashed the bowl of his pipe as he struck it against a post to knock out the ashes before he started speaking.

COMMON GROUND

"Well, you'll play hell getting a dollar and a half a hundred from me! I'm paying more for cotton-picking this year than any of you trifling niggers ever got before or ever expected to get, and you know it. We plantation owners understand who put all this damn-foolishness into your heads, and we're going to 'tend to those dirty meddlers in short order. Now, everyone of you get back to the field and go to work, or else hit that big road out there and clear out and stay out!"

"Dat suits us all right, Mr. Hadaway," Mose Johnson answered in a strange tone for a Negro; "but 'member dis: you won't be able to bring no scab-pickers in here fum de outside. Us is organized, 'n us'll—"

"Don't you dare threaten me, you dirty black scoundrel! Damn you, I'll kill you!" Dad shouted. His face frightened me.

He grabbed an axe handle and jumped off the commissary porch.

His legs gave away as he landed in the yard, and he toppled over, uttering a scream of pain.

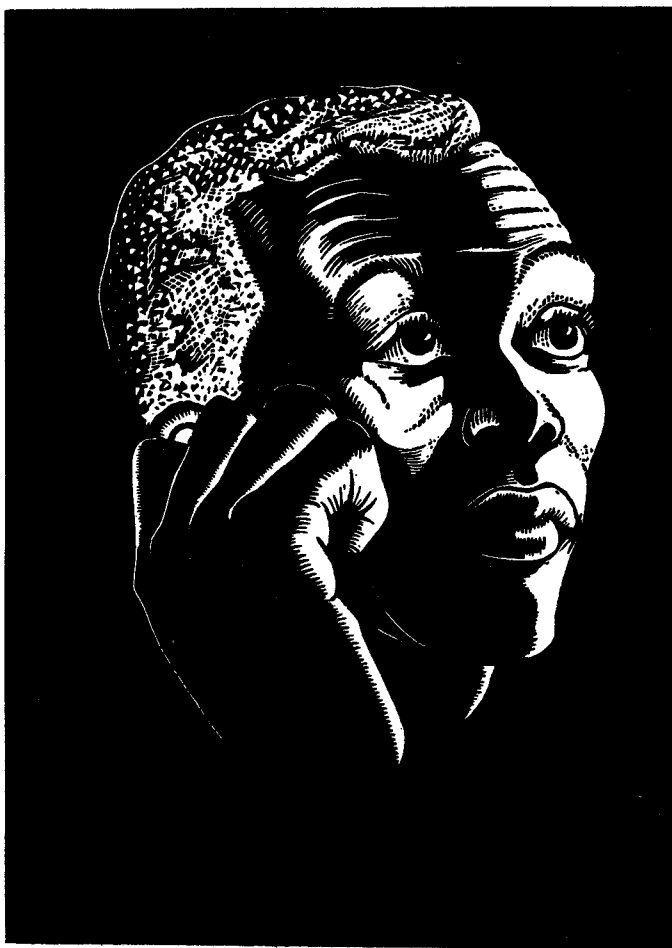
Mose got to him before I did, and the Negro was holding Dad's head tenderly in his big arms as I knelt down beside him.

I called and called him, but he never did speak again.

Rural Choice was mine.

Floyd Tillery is associate editor of The West Point (Georgia) News.

"Nobody Knows" is a linoleum cut by the young Negro artist, William H. Smith, now teaching at Karamu House in Cleveland. He has exhibited at the Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts, the Denver Art Museum, Bennington College, the Negro World's Fair in Chicago, and at many other competitive showings.



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IS AMERICANISM AMERICAN?

LAWRENCE MARTIN

I'VE never heard anyone denounce adverbs or take objection to conjunctions. There are, however, some people like my friend Howard who are against a whole class of nouns. Howard says to hell with all the *isms*. He has nothing against the *ations*, such as *damnation* and *plantation*, or against the *ities*, such as *Christianity*, or against the *acies*, as *democracy*, *plutocracy*.

The *isms*, though, are in a class by themselves, especially communism, fascism, and anarchism, although the last is rather old stuff. Even there some exceptions must be made. Howard doesn't know what dadaism is, but he would probably be against it if he knew, though not very hard. But Howard is in favor of keeping Americanism, conservatism, and capitalism. It's a little embarrassing to him to find those nouns among the *isms*, but that's the way language is, inconsistent as the deuce.

The trouble with the *isms* is that they are subversive, which is a fancy word meaning that they make propaganda for ideas contrary to those in Howard's head, and that they are mostly imported from abroad. We have to take foreign imports of goods so that un-American countries will have some money with which to buy from us. But it's different with ideas. Democracy, Americanism, and other good things we have on tap here, we insist on exporting even if we have to go to war about it, as we did back in 1917 to make the world safe for a noun. Importing ideas, however, may be bad for business.

A lot of *isms* were sneaking their alien way through customs without even being taxed when luckily a congressman from Texas saw the danger and nipped it in the bud with an investigation. He has proved that the Communists conduct an international propaganda, and that the Fascists and Nazis do the same. He has also succeeded in proving that almost every social movement is connected by some thread or other with these *isms*. This puts consumers' co-operation, child labor, freedom of the press, relief, peace propaganda, and other causes in a new light.

I know that Howard and Congressman Dies are more concerned about the present and the future than about the past, but I think it would help our thinking and increase our watchfulness if we realize that all through American history we have been faced by similar subversive activities. After extensive researches I have to confess that not only have we been faced by them, but that invariably we have been licked by them.

There was no Congressman Dies before. There was no Dies at the Rock when the *Mayflower* pulled in with the first cargo of alien subversion, and there was no Dies on deck to repel all boarders when the first Negroes in chains invaded the country with the germs of jazz in their unjungled bodies.

The shocking fact we must face is that America was not developed in an American way at all. A very great deal of what we have in the country today is the result of subversive alien influences.

COMMON GROUND

Right at the start the land was settled and pioneered by people from Europe who brought with them a reformed variety of the Hebraic religion. It is too bad that the country, which was full of Americans at the time, had to be settled by Europeans. It is too bad that Jesus was not an American, and the shame of it is that in His own lifetime He spoke to fewer people than Father Coughlin reaches in one broadcast.

The founding of the United States of America was itself partly the freakish and uncalculated result of the subversive activities of a handful of intellectuals who, studying abroad, had been infected by the radical philosophies of such Scottish, English, and French reds as Hume, Locke, Voltaire, and Rousseau. These young Americans went to London to read law and fell for a lot of socialistic ideas. The result was that when they got home they spread discontent, wrote the Declaration of Independence, let the country in for a long war, and then ran it for years in a very unsatisfactory manner under the Articles of Confederation.

To make it worse, these men were not only radicals in politics but in religion, and they did a lot of talking-up of another imported ism, Deism. When they came to make up a seal and symbol for the United States, they chose the eagle, which they borrowed from foreign coats of arms, and when they came to cast up a motto for the thirteen states, they chose "*E Pluribus Unum*," which is in some foreign language.

If the country survived this and got organized, thanks are largely due to an illegitimate foreigner from the Caribbean islands named Hamilton. But he organized the country by introducing another subversive influence from abroad, namely capitalism, which was being developed in England. It had something to do with France, too, for part of it went under the

name of *laissez-faire*, which is as foreign as *poputchik*.

While the country was doing the best it could under this alien influence of capitalism, another group of foreign ideas came over under the name of romanticism (*Ism! Ism! Ism!*). This was a reaction against the pessimism that arrived with the first boatloads of Calvinist immigrants from the fatalistic and worn-out Old World. Romanticism was a very optimistic philosophy manufactured mainly in France and Germany. It went to the heads of many writers, like Emerson and Whitman, and affected just about everybody on the frontier. It helped to build up the country, but you may be sure that that is not why it was sent across.

A lot of inventions, like joint stock corporations, the steam locomotive, photography, and later the wireless, movies, automobiles, comic strips, were allowed to enter the country from alien sources, and also a great many scientific discoveries made by men with foreign names such as Freud, Einstein, Pasteur. The American educational system was built almost entirely on the German pattern by Americans who went abroad and fell under Prussian influences. Where the system wasn't German, it was something else foreign, as the names of Pestalozzi and Montessori testify.

In fact, German influences seem to have had altogether too much of a free hand in the United States. Germans like Walter Damrosch and Theodore Thomas came over and started the symphony orchestra, playing, for reasons you can guess, mostly German music, while a German-Swiss named Wurlitzer got himself rich by founding the musical instrument business. The Germans also brought over beer, pretzels, cookies, and Santa Claus. A Swiss-Italian named Delmonico put over cookery as an art, thereby putting an end to the old one-hundred-per-cent-

IS AMERICANISM AMERICAN?

American system of just plain wholesome fried food. The sports craze was also imported from abroad and propagated successfully under cover of the Y.M.C.A., which up to then had been a religious society.

American musicians have never been able to work out their destiny because they have always been subjected to alien influences. If it wasn't the Negro in his spirituals and later his jazz, it was such Germans as Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, and the Strausses. With painting and architecture it was the same. American painters would go to London, Rome, and Paris to study, and bring back un-American notions. And as for architecture, why do American government buildings look like Roman temples? Physicians got their education in Vienna and Edinburgh, and Americans were subjected to alien medical practices.

The history of American literature is even worse. From the earliest times writers who should have been proud to work in a purely American way imitated foreigners, mainly the English. Bryant was called the American Wordsworth. Irving the American Addison, Cooper the American Scott, Longfellow the American Tennyson. Only Mark Twain and Whitman stuck to their guns, and even Mark Twain weakened in his old age and took an honorary degree from Oxford. As for Whitman, we had better not talk about him, because in spite of his fine beard he was sort of immoral, in a French way.

All the main literary styles were imported from abroad. First there was romanticism, and later on realism, naturalism, and expressionism—all isms! Stephen Crane fell under the influence of French

impressionism; Howells fell for Tolstoi and the Russians; Dreiser went for Zola, who was so red that he led the Dreyfus fight, which can only be compared to the disgraceful Sacco-Vanzetti row here. Longfellow, when he was made a professor of Bowdoin College, was actually given a year's salary to go to Germany and fall under Teutonic influences so that he could pass them on to immature students. Henry James was under foreign influence all his life, and ended up, as anyone might have prophesied, by renouncing his American citizenship and becoming an Englishman.

Naturally in a short article the whole field cannot be covered. I am leaving out Armenian, Greek, Bulgarian, Spanish, Polish, and Irish activities, all of which have had their insidious effects. There are altogether too many streets and squares in American cities named after foreigners, such as Pulaski, Damen, Balbo, Garibaldi, Kossuth, von Steuben, LaFayette, Goethe—as if there were not enough good American names to go around. There are also too many cities with names like Paris, Amsterdam, Troy, Rome, Los Angeles, Taos, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Utica, which are all foreign names. One wonders if it is possible for children who live, for example, on Kosciusko Street, Cairo, Illinois, to grow up to be real American citizens.

No wonder the country is in a bad way.

Lawrence Martin, formerly an associate professor in Northwestern University and an editor of the late Ken magazine, is now in Mexico gathering material for a book on Central America.

JUAN Q. CITIZEN SPEAKS HIS PIECE

ROBERT L. GRIMES

THE discovery of South America by the United States gathers momentum and the Good-Neighbor program makes progress, too, though with an occasional painful stub of the toe.

If Juan Q. Citizen from the South and John Q. from the U.S.A. could sit down on a log and talk things over, it wouldn't be bad. But the two gentlemen rarely meet. Before World War II Juan Q. always went to Europe when he took a trip; he looked to the United States for the latest in motor cars, but to Europe for a new ideology. . . .

John Q., on the other hand, has sent numerous representatives to Spanish-America. But largely they've been the wrong kind. "Por Dios, send no more movie stars," Juan Q. begs. "Los cómicos are no more culturally acceptable among us than a fan dancer would be at your wife's book-club meeting. And cut down on the professional good-will excursionists: our entertainment budgets are exhausted. Besides, I never get to talk to these good-willers—the políticos hog all the seats at the banquet tables. . . ." He pauses, then adds: "God save us also—and you!—from your writers who fly over our twenty republics—each with its own people, history, and culture—in a clipper plane and then write a book about us. . . . Are there no more of you like Thornton Wilder or Waldo Frank, men who lived modestly among us, asked questions, and learned? With such men we can be friends. . . ."

John Q. North American, perched on his end of the log, is worried about democracy today. He's extremely eager for joint action to further democratic ideals with his Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking brethren. His children, registering this fall for foreign languages in high schools, chose Spanish in almost one-third of all cases, a vast increase over past years. John Q. would give the glad hand to Cousin Juan in a moment if it weren't for his own pet doubt: are the southern republics authentically democratic?

John's doubt is valid. Aren't many Latin-American presidents really dictators? What about Dr. Vargas of Brazil and his army? Batista of Cuba, Contreras of Venezuela, and Trujillo of Santo Domingo? Aren't the principal products of Central America pineapples, bananas, and revolutions? Wasn't Cárdenas but lately called radical and Communist by our newspapers? The sudden recent assumption that all these countries are democracies rather bewilders John.

His thinking might go further, of course. He has the idea that democracy to be authentic must be political. He forgets that it may also be social or economic or religious or even personal; that a country may show democratic workings in one or two of these categories and nothing at all in the others; that a people may cherish and even die for one aspect and be totally ignorant of others.

Political democracy is primarily concerned with the means of choosing or

JUAN Q. CITIZEN SPEAKS HIS PIECE

electing and operating a government. The United States, like Great Britain, has a tradition of political democracy, attempts to center its economic life around it, and for better or worse makes it work.

Personal and humanistic democracy—the conceived democracy of Latin-America—first of all concerns itself with the dignity, liberty, and protection of the individual human being. To Juan Q., political democracy is an interesting game, often with high stakes, and dangerous. (In a Mexican movie a young man is shot in an election-day brawl. His sponsor, confronted by the widow, shrugs and says: “*Es la política.*” What can one expect?)

It may be that today political democracy is standing upon the threshold of great growth in the southern republics. But Juan Q.—and he is three men—white, *mestizo*, and Indian—never loses sight of the essential democracy of the person. “In Iberic-America the liberty of the individual and respect for his worth come first of all,” writes Professor Agapito Rey of Indiana University. And Carlos Vaz Ferreira, foremost social thinker in South America, adds: “First we must assure a minimum of economic well-being; . . . we must then deliver man over to liberty, to bear the consequences of his own conduct and aptitudes.” In this concept of man as a dignified entity, Juan Q. can point to a fine tradition, running back into history for over nine hundred years.

Democratic thought was first forged into realistic shape by the people of Spanish towns and farms when the Moors swept into the Iberian Peninsula. To both don and peasant, self-defense was a major consideration; and the petty tyrants of the time, anxious to inspire effective resistance, gradually released to the commoners valuable political and personal rights.

Soon there appeared, apart from the usual seignorial cities, a new type of town of obscure Castilian origin: the *behetría*. It had the rare privilege of electing its own ruler or *señor*, and—more important—it could recall and dismiss its ruler when it wished.

As the Reconquest progressed, cities became powerful. Their deputies, admitted to the Cortes, exercised a restraining, democratic influence upon the nobility and clergy. Upon the union of Castile and Leon, the *hermandades* (workers’ unions) presented petitions and in other ways helped to correct injustices. Often when the Crown had failed, they sent their own members as militia to quell civil disturbances. Thus early did Spanish society cleanse and police its own ranks—an essentially democratic procedure.

Spanish literature of the period testifies to the national passion for personal integrity. Quevedo (d. 1645), poet and essayist, wrote: “Must one only feel, from what is said, And never, never say what he feels?” *The Mayor of Zalamea* portrays insistence upon the right of a plain man to administer plain justice. In *Fuente Ovejuna* (based on an historical incident of 1476), the people of the village of Fuente are gathered at an inquiry into the murder of their tyrannical governor. “Who has killed our Comendador?” asks the royal judge. “One and all!” shouts the crowd, and the village is given over to royal jurisdiction. No finer example of the workings of an elemental, communal type of democracy than this can be found in any nation’s history.

Though the political and economic life of Spain down through the centuries has changed time and again, the Spaniard’s belief that man is an individual in his own right has never wavered. Geographers explain Spanish individualism on the basis of the topography of the country. The populace lives in the fertile val-

COMMON GROUND

leys of rivers descending from the central plateau. Each valley is thus a separate community, living its own life. Particularly in early times was it difficult to unite these peoples politically. And recently the fiercely individualistic Spaniard submitted to the yoke of fascism only after a bloody civil war. Compare this with the case of the German, Italian, and other peoples, who gave in with scarcely a struggle.

And so the conquistadores brought to America the seasoned idea of man as an upright, self-sufficient individual. Church and government might agree that a little learning is a dangerous thing, but it was difficult to maintain an effective censorship in far-off America, particularly when the colonists were aggressive pioneers. They learned to read, and they read the wrong things: works on taxation and political equality and self-rule, from both the United States and France.

When rebellion came, the ruling class in Spain frowned, then smiled. Not one of the rebels was sufficiently educated to cope with the problems inherent upon the birth of a new nation. Soon the yokels would call for help.

But the call never came. Bootlegged reading and the courage to act: these provided the new countries with a philosophy of democracy. And from that time on, incidentally, the free public school, handmaiden to democracy, has been the hope and goal of every southern government.

What of the Indian's part in the democracy of the New Hispanic World? The conquistadores found the Indian proud, silent, industrious, living close to nature, essentially an individual. He was therefore peculiarly receptive to their ideal of the democracy of person. He remains today a vast silent partner to the more articulate democracy of the whites and educated mestizos; education and inter-

marriage are supplying a slow leaven eventually to draw him into more active participation.

"But how can a man be an independent sort of cuss personally, and still let a dictator rule him?" insists John Q. from his end of the log.

Patently Juan Q. explains away this misconception. Political democracy is expensive; it is weighted down by the luxury of slow-moving government, of graft, corruption, inefficiency. Great Britain and the United States are rich in natural resources and inventive genius, in ships and colonies. They can afford political democracy.

But the undeveloped countries of Latin-America are impoverished. Agriculture, their chief industry, is, as in the United States, the poorest paying of all businesses. Again, the climate in some cases makes people indolent. Consequently dictatorships have come about largely because of economic reasons. Then, too, the Latin-American soldier's tendency toward loyalty to a general rather than to a flag and constitution has often made ascension to dictatorship easier.

But a Spanish-American dictator is not to be confused with a Hitler or a Mussolini, argues Juan Q. He is neither an imperialist nor a doctrinaire. Consider Batista of Cuba: Long a believer in free public education, he first made a name for himself by demanding that the large sugar interests be taxed to establish schools. As his power grew, he kept peace, enacted nationalistic legislation, and by his Three-Year Plan (1937) began the social and economic reconstruction of the island. In 1938 he came out as a firm advocate of democracy. On December 6, 1939, he resigned his commission in the army and stood for the presidency as a private citizen. Juan Q. regards this resignation as

a particularly noble and democratic gesture.

Consider the work of Getulio Vargas of Brazil: rigid economy of government; creation of a ministry of labor, of education, of public health; doubling of the number of schools; adoption of progressive labor laws; construction of a model electoral code in which the secret ballot, votes for women, and constitutional reform are provided. Vargas tolerates and even invites criticism, and exercises no censorship of the press.

Contreras of Venezuela has built many schools, closed almost as many jails. Trujillo in Santo Domingo has made a fine social record. The only way any Spanish-American dictator can maintain himself is by benign works, states Juan Q. proudly. Or through outside influence, exercised by foreign governments to protect capital investments. In the United States slavery (legal) was abolished and consequent social reforms accomplished only after a four-years war. In Latin-America slavery was ended by decree long before 1865, and recent social reforms have been accomplished almost bloodlessly. "This man Vargas, he is therefore greater than Lincoln!" exclaims a Brazilian writer.

Early in World War II the democracies assumed a hypocritical attitude toward refugees. Not so the Latin-Americans, says Juan. They welcomed the exiles with the open arms which characterize true democratic appreciation. Trujillo outdid himself officially and personally in aiding those of the Spanish republic. Brazil has just decreed that refugees will not be asked to move on after a stated period; they may stay for the duration of the war, and in the interim they will be allowed to work to support themselves.

Constitutional government in Spanish-America? Yes, in a number of the countries. Juan Q., however, still tends to regard a constitution as a set of rules drawn

up by *políticos* for the benefit of *políticos*. Nor do formalized good-will declarations by political chancellories mean a great deal to him. *Políticos* will always be *políticos*; and if they press a man too far, it is a man's essentially personal and democratic privilege to take a pot shot at the worst. Mariano Azuela, foremost novelist of Mexico, former soldier of the revolution, writes coolly in one semi-autobiographical paragraph: "And the house of Llano Bros. (political caciques) burned very nicely."

So Juan Q. can hardly understand how his custom of dealing with *políticos* objectively—his personal business—would ever be subject to the approval or disapproval of other *políticos* in Washington. And he would further say that the efficient operation of a constitution depends upon this attitude of the private citizen, which no amount of scolding from Washington is going to change.

In the United States a man is generally judged by *things*—inventions, profits, accomplishments. In Latin-America he is accepted for his ideas and his culture. A conference on philosophy or literature or history always draws a crowd, but a lecture on technical, scientific, or physical subjects goes unattended. Herein can be found the secret of European success in South America. Europe first sends her philosophers, thinkers, men of culture; Latin-America listens and believes. When the technicians and salesmen come, she is psychologically ready to sign on the dotted line.

The United States sends its dollar diplomats and engineers and salesmen, helter-skelter. The diplomats sometimes do a fair job, though Juan Q. tends to regard them as *políticos*. The engineers build a bridge admired by the natives. But the admiration is for the work, not for the ideas or culture of the engineer. Tech-

nical perfection and the sanitary functioning of urban living are not legitimate ends of life. Show us a culture, please.

For the Latin-American considers civilization the accumulation of materials making life comfortable; culture the entirety of conditions making life happy. Culture is the more important. . . . It is typical of Latin-American democracy that the Spaniard after Cortez has respected the Indian's culture and today encourages and helps him recover it. Mexico is a country run by the Indian for the Indian. A troop of regional dancers straight from the mountains gets more attention than a Benavente comedy. The government has established numerous public schools among the Indians with the work conducted in the tribal language, and with Spanish taught as any "foreign" language. Here is democracy for the small group carried so far as to be antithetical to our own mooted "melting-pot" accomplishments.

If none of our tourists or movie actors or salesmen or good-willers has been able to convince Juan Q. that we possess other than a materialistic philosophy upon which to base our democratic growth, who can do it? Our thoughtful men—our learned men and our professors. But they have generally no prestige in South America. Why? Because South America is receptive only to European scholars. It is a vicious circle. To date, the United States has made no spiritual or cultural or intellectual impression whatever upon Latin-America. And it is very probable that at the end of World War II Europe will regain her influence and trade with South and Central America as easily and quickly as she regained them in 1918.

Juan Q. in turn has his doubts about the authenticity of our northern democracy. José Rodó, in his famous essay *Ariel*, flays our way of life at vulnerable points.

Admire and imitate our restless independence, he exhorts; but beware of our tendency toward mechanical progress. Rodó advocates the free play of superior individualities liberated from the tyranny of government. To spiritualize democracy, he insists, we must first de-materialize it.

Azuella, whose words hit home with the efficiency of a "dry blow of the machete," writes in his latest novel, *Avanzada*, about a young Mexican who returns from his studies in the United States to his father's hacienda. He tells his father that the old system must go out, new ideas and methods prevail. "And if we live well and are rich, shall we not pay our men two or three pesos per day?" The old father bids his son go easy. By using scientific methods they may pay better wages, yes. "But why gain the world and lose your soul?" he asks. "Science has advanced much, but every day the world gets worse. *Calma, calma.*"

Consideration of the individual is always foremost in Latin-American democracy. "When a citizen seats himself before his hearth, no one should violate his privacy; he has the absolute right to keep his door shut!" exclaims an editorial writer in a Mexican magazine, commenting upon the recent lamentable attempt of a workers' group to enter the home of President Camacho. In the fabric of most present-day literature the life and pain and death of the little man form a tough, harsh warp: Serpa's newest novel, *Contrabando*, depicts the miserable life of Habana's sailor-fishermen, who earn their bread by catching fish but will never partake of bread and fishes (says Serpa) until those who control and preserve our materialistic civilization change their ways. Mariano Azuela in *The Underdogs* tells of the common soldier exploited by ambitious generals. In *The Vortex* (Riviera) an old man spends the last years

JUAN Q. CITIZEN SPEAKS HIS PIECE

of his life plodding through the jungle, searching for his son who, economically enslaved by the rubber corporations, is moved from station to station, always just ahead of him. *Don Segundo Sombra* and *Martín Fierro* are tragic stories of dust-bitten gauchos.

Reading these books, one realizes that the southern republics are still frontier countries: the authors write with the charming and barbarous naivete of Adam on the First Day—after Eden. The United States blithely proceeds on its Good-Neighbor program in typical mass fashion, as a business concern blankets an area with an advertising program and expects certain results. So standardization runs headlong into individualism—a painful collision. Even though the white Latin-American succumbs to standardization, behind him stand the vast Indian areas, where the concept of the nation itself does not go beyond the province. One writer sees South America saved by its Indians: if they stubbornly resist the “benefits” of science, they may become a last line of defense against Hitlerism and its mechanistic philosophy and methods.

Juan Q. is still acutely aware of the wave of the past. He thinks the Monroe Doctrine egotism supported by force. He remembers the Marines in Nicaragua and Vera Cruz. He knows Mexico has lost more than one-half her original territory to the United States. Much of the clas-

sic poetry he learned in school warned against the Colossus of the North. He suspects dollar diplomacy in the Caribbean and knows that Cuba and Santo Domingo are still our dependencies. And to a recent proposal that Mexico build more roads for hemispheric defense, he retorts: “Are not roads built for defense equally valuable to the invading nation?”

Two or three other little things worry Juan Q. Do all Americans live and act as in the movies? And is it really true that the Statue of Liberty will never lower her upraised arm until a pure woman passes by?

Yes, there is much for John Q. and Juan Q. to talk over. Juan will find John, within his political democracy, as sturdy and individualistic as himself, though of late years he has become perhaps too interested in new cars and bathtubs. And John Q., upon reflection, will realize that there can be little of the un-democrat in folk who love the land and sun, who like children and horses and things made by hand, who are more interested in ideas than in money. Trade pacts and goodwill declarations may come and go, but in the support of that democracy which affirms the personal dignity of a man, both Johns can get up off the log and walk away arm in arm.

Robert L. Grimes, author of fiction, juveniles, and criticism, and one-time resident of Mexico, is now principal of an elementary school in Chicago.

LEARNING SHOULD BE MOTIVATED

MATAILEEN L. RAMSDELL

SALVATORE GERATTO fingered the neat stack of mimeographed pages before him and nodded eagerly toward the dynamic young man standing at the head of the long table.

"T'ees teacher's name ees Markham, no?" he asked of his neighbor.

"Yeah, his name is Markham," came the unenthusiastic reply. "The stuffed shirt. I bet I've forgotten more about teachin' boilermakin' than he'll ever know."

Salvatore was taken aback by this heresy. His skilled machinist's hands, his bushy iron-gray hair, his whole, short, sturdy body was electrified with zeal for this opportunity to become a tradesman teacher under National Defense.

"No, no, Mac. You must not feel t'ees way," he protested earnestly. "Me, I wanta learn all I can from heem queeck. T'en I teach, teach all I can and soon we leeck t'ees Heetler, you betcha!"

"Yeah, you betcha," returned Mac, unimpressed. "I'm gonna teach, teach, too. Who wouldn't for two bucks an hour?"

Salvatore's shoulders lifted regretfully as he looked around at the small, make-shift room perched above Shipyard Stores. Then his face brightened. For was not this a classroom? And were not the fifteen skilled machinists, boilermakers, welders, and shipfitters wearily grouped about the table soon to become teachers? The thought held magic. His eyes followed the others' to the face of the In-

dustrial Teacher Trainer from the nearby University.

Clearing his throat, Mr. Markham lifted the first of the stack of pages which lay before him. "You men," he said in a direct man-to-man approach, gesturing with the sheet of paper, "have been selected by the management here as best fitted for taking our twenty-eight hours of teacher-training. Looking at you tonight, I can see you are going to be sincere, conscientious teachers."

"That's a hot one," whispered the blasphemous Mac.

Salvatore shook his head warningly.

"At the end of our course," Mr. Markham's smooth voice continued, "you will be accredited teachers, some of you to teach here after work hours, some to put in all your time teaching, either here or at the local trade school. You have an important place to fill in our national emergency, but I know you are going to fill it well."

Salvatore's eyes shone.

Mr. Markham pointed to the title-head on the sheet he held in his hand. "Now this is a typical Instructional and Job Analysis Work Sheet. This we have prepared for you as a sample of what we expect you to do for each job to be taught in your particular trade. In this case we have taken a typical machinist's job and have analyzed it in terms of the necessary steps. So we shall pretend for the sake of clarity that we are all machinists and that we are ready to train a group

LEARNING SHOULD BE MOTIVATED

of workers on a typical job—in this case, The Drilling of a $\frac{1}{4}$ " Hole in a Cast Iron Fitting."

The air of concentration around the long table grew until it became almost physical. The glaring light at the end of the overhead cord swayed gently.

The professionally friendly voice went on: "Now let us run over the operations given on our instructional sheets for learning to drill a $\frac{1}{4}$ " hole. First, secure the blue print and the metal fitting that is to be drilled. Second, check the fitting against the blue print. Third, obtain the tools from the tool crib. Fourth, mark with a center-punch the point to be drilled. Fifth, insert the drill chuck into the spindle. Sixth, insert the $\frac{1}{4}$ " drill into the drill chuck. Seventh, fasten the drill securely into the chuck. Eighth, fasten the piece to be drilled to the table. Ninth, adjust the drill table. Tenth, check and set the correct pulley speed. Eleventh, apply the cutting fluid to the fitting. Twelfth, start the drill press. Thirteenth, feed the drill. Fourteenth, stop the drill press. Fifteenth, remove the fitting from the vise and the table. Sixteenth, remove the burrs from the hole in the fitting. Seventeenth, remove the shavings from the vise and the drill table. Eighteenth, remove the drill from the chuck. Nineteenth, remove the chuck from the spindle. Twentieth, clean up the drill press and floor. Twenty-first, return tools to crib and drilled metal fitting to proper place."

There was a surge of incredulity around the table. Blankly the men surveyed the eight pages of neatly-typed instructions on how to drill a $\frac{1}{4}$ " hole. Mr. Markham stood firm, his chin determined and his voice patient.

"Now that is quite simple, is it not? Are there any questions?"

The men were silent, straightening their stacks of sheets carefully and stealing

glances at each other. Mac nudged Salvatore. "What did I tell you?"

Salvatore looked again at the twenty-one steps to be followed in drilling a hole. Twenty-one. It didn't seem possible. But it was true. All those things did have to be done. The teacher was right. But, Santa Maria, at this rate, how many sheets would it cover when he wrote a lesson on Milling a Helical Gear?

His head whirled. Reams of paper, all covered with neat a b c questions, neat a b c answers, mysterious initials here and there, the whole brightened with inter-spacings of quarter-inch sections full of further detailed directions. And important work waited to be done!

But the teacher must be right. And if it was necessary to write a book to show his workers how to drill a hole properly for National Defense, very well—he lifted his broad shoulders—he, Salvatore Geratto, would write such a book.

Mr. Markham was speaking again. As if aware of the reaction of the group, his voice was even more patient and understanding, though the muscle in his right cheek jerked occasionally.

"Now, of course, along with the twenty-one operations involved in learning to drill a $\frac{1}{4}$ " hole, you will note on your sample instructional sheets a complementary list of the knowledges, appreciations, and attitudes, which should accompany each operation, grouped informally here under Job Information. For, of course, we want to keep in mind that learning should be motivated. That is to say, good teachers give their pupils a reason for each new process to be learned—a reason which will inspire and maintain pupil interest. Now how would you inspire these embryonic machinists to learn to drill a $\frac{1}{4}$ " hole properly?"

There was a dazed silence. Finally an uncertain voice suggested, "Tell 'em they're working for National Defense."

COMMON GROUND

This was greeted with half-subdued guffaws. Another speaker tittered, "Tell 'em a ship's fulla holes that's gotta be drilled right." The gang welcomed this gustily. The sweaty smell of a day's work rose like a mist set moving by the ripple of their laughter. The muscle in Mr. Markham's right cheek jumped more noticeably.

Thinly and feebly the voices reached Salvatore. His skilled hands fingered the neat stack of instructional sheets. He was absorbed in a new and more grotesque nightmare. In addition to the book he had resigned himself to produce to teach his workers how to be machinist's helpers, there was now a companion volume confusingly labeled, "Motivation, Inspiration, Job Information."

His work-calloused fists grasped the sheets tightly. So. To be a teacher for National Defense he must also take precious time to inspire the blockheads to want to learn to drill holes. With the

whole country waiting for skilled workers to catch up with Hitler! Santa Maria, it was a monkey business.

He spoke.

"Mr. Markham, t'ees ees no time to make jokes or waste t'e time. Me, I wanted bad to learn to teach for National Defense. I am ready to write down t'e twenty-one steps. I am ready to feell lotsa pages weet' t'em, t'e white an' t'e yallow. But now you say we must write more pages—about Job Information. We must Moteevate, we must Keep Eenterest, we must Eenspire. Santa Maria, too much ees too much. I t'row away all your pages—like t'ees—poof. An' I say to my workers, 'Look, you guys, watch planty damn close. 'Cause now, by God, we gonna drilla hole!'"

Mataileen L. Ramsdell contributed a story, "Sabotage in B-8," to the Autumn 1941 issue of this magazine.

These studies of "Lithuanian" and "Polish" miners in the vital Pennsylvania anthracite region are the work of David Robbins, New York City photographer, whose series on housing was widely exhibited under the title "One Third of a Nation." "Drilling" was one of the 100 prints chosen for exhibition by the Museum of Modern Art in its recent competition, the "Image of Freedom."

BURNING DOWN GEORGIA'S BACK PORCH

LILLIAN E. SMITH

Down the road from where we live there once was a house, a good little house, as houses go in the South. Though built to be rented for \$3 a month, it was ceiled, had firm underpinnings and a chimney that drew. There isn't a stick of that house left today. Winters are cold here and wood and work are scarce. This is an old story and one the South knows well. Some days are colder than others or rainy and sometimes it is "spitting snow." It is easier in weather like that to step out on the back shed and rip up a board from the floor than to search the hillside for a little wood. It is easier than hunting work when there is little work to be found and poor pay when you find it. It is easier to step out on the back porch, rip up a board, step back in and sit and look in the "far-place." Winters come and go and come again, and cold days outnumber the planks in a floor or the sills beneath it. After a time the back shed had gone from that house. A few more years and the ceilings had found their way to the fire-place. It was a three-room house and most around here are two. That third room could be done without, and was. Ashamed to let folks live in such a hole, the owner had what was left torn down.

When we understand this tale and its ten thousand variations we shall understand our South. We shall understand a Georgia that breeds Gene Talmadges, crowns them with the State's highest honor, uncrowns them. crowns them again, and struggles once more to remove the crown.

Last June Dr. Walter D. Cocking, dean of the College of Education of the University of Georgia and chief specialist in school administration on the President's Advisory Committee on Education in Washington, was called by telephone at midnight and told he was slated for dismissal from the University by the Governor on charges of subversive teaching—"contrary to Southern tradition"—specifically that he had said in a faculty discussion (almost two years before) he hoped some day to see a campus in the South where white and black graduate students could study their common educational problems. There was to be no trial. Similar news had already come to Dr. Marvin S. Pittman, president of the South Georgia Teachers' College. Charge: "Too much activity in politics"—an accusation based on the alleged tearing down of a Talmadge banner by students of the college. There was to be no trial. The Governor and "his boys" were too busy with important matters to take time out for Constitutional and legal amenities.

Harmon W. Caldwell, president of the University, felt otherwise and said so. There would be a trial or the Governor could accept his resignation. Members of the Board of Regents, too, spoke up with some urgency. There was a trial. And despite the statements (gratis) of one woman—a demoted teacher—and the testimony (signed under Ku Klux Klan duress) of Dr. Cocking's house-boy, none of the charges could be established as having a remote foundation in fact.

COMMON GROUND

The Governor snapped his red galluses, pinged his spittoon, and bellowed he would have a new trial. He brashly announced that several members of the Board of Regents who had voted against his wishes had been illegally appointed by him, and insisted on their resignations so that law and order could once more reign in the State of Georgia. He thereupon appointed new Regents who were better mannered, and called another trial. This time the charges were "proved" to the satisfaction of the new Board. The vote was 10 to 5, the remaining five of the old Board voting as they had voted before. Then, to prove his potency, Gene dismissed four more faculty members of the University system, appointed a committee to ban from the State's libraries books "subversive in nature and agin Southern traditions." This committee promptly took off the shelves Odum's monumental *Southern Regions*, Embree's *Brown America*, Adamic's *From Many Lands*; a book about amoebas (amoebas not being mentioned in Genesis); a book concerning the origin of babies—de Schweinitz' *Growing Up* (bees, flowers, and babies); one on children's behavior titled *Big Problems on Little Shoulders* (perhaps the censors looked inside and saw a chapter on masturbation, or perhaps the inclusion in the title of the inflammatory word "problems" sufficed); and seventeen other books from which can be drawn implications concerning race, sex, and Bible—and the poverty on which that strange Southern trinity so firmly rests.

There are Georgia leaders and newspaper writers and ordinary citizens who from the first have spoken out plainly their disapproval of the Governor's acts in interfering with the University system. The system has undergone its vicissitudes; not always has it been a source of pride to intelligent citizens. But in recent years it

has grown in size, improved in quality of administration, and raised the level of its teaching personnel. A few citizens have labored hard to bring this to pass, and not calmly have they watched the Governor's moves in his successful attempt to control the Board of Regents and oust a number of the best teachers and administrators. In addition to these decent and vocal citizens, there have been a few forcefully articulate church groups and liberal organizations.

Not so plainly but far more powerfully, the vested interests have done their speaking. Some of these "interests" (controlled by "furriners" up North) helped put the Governor in office, thinking he would play ball. He has not played ball exactly as they expected. They don't like it. Others who helped put the Governor in (liking neither the New Deal nor the mismanagement by which Rivers discredited it) now fear the power of a man who is at once chairman of the State School Board; a dominating member of the Board of Regents, the Board of Public Welfare, the Board of Safety, and the Board of Health; and by special legislative act which gives him access to the vast funds of the Highway Board, now is in practical control of the State budget. These "vested interests" and those newspapers and individuals who identify themselves with centralized wealth "have it in" for the Governor—and intelligent citizens in Georgia are watching their activities with curiously mixed feelings.

In Birmingham on October 13, the University of Georgia was dismissed from membership in the Southern University Conference. The Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools is to act on the matter in December. Since the personnel and viewpoint of the two associations are largely identical, the probability that schools in the University system will lose their accredited standing is high.

BURNING DOWN GEORGIA'S BACK PORCH

There are 16,000 students in Georgia who will be directly affected by this decision. Talmadge blusters, "No outside influence in the United States or on the face of the earth can discredit the University of Georgia." He is quite right, of course. The discredit has been administered internally. Upon hearing of the Conference's action, the student body of the University burned the Governor in effigy, sent him telegrams, and marched a thousand strong to the Capitol to meet the little Fuehrer face to face. To avoid the motorcade of students, Gene skedaddled out of town so fast he didn't sign the pay rolls, and a few State departments had to miss pay day until the warrants for his signature could be taken to Valdosta, where he was in retreat. (In the South we have never needed a Charlie Chaplin to make our little dictators funny. But unless you have a strong stomach the results of their funny business won't make you laugh.) The alumni of the University system are aroused now and everyone expects interesting things to happen.

In the meantime, as this third and riotous act progresses, the Governor and "his boys" continue to snap suspenders, ping spittoons, and talk loud talk about "furriners," "Southern tradition," and "all these folks who want niggers and white folks to go to school together." And though little is being said about it, those 23 banned books have been taken off the shelves in the State's school libraries.

Astute observers agree that the Governor's witch hunt was *in its beginning* unpremeditated. Apparently no Machiavelian scheme was brewed in that little mind to collect all the Negroes and their vocal white friends and put them in Dixie concentration camps as a preface to other grandiose fascistic doings. No, this little Hitler-in-the-wiregrass, like most Southern politicians, happens to tote that "nigger-

lover" club as naturally as a gangster totes a gun. It is always at hand, and it is used frequently and carelessly.

More probable is the story going the rounds that some of "the boys" had their personal reasons for wanting to get rid of Cocking. Always aiming to please "the boys," the Governor said, "Sure, sure," and down came the club. That it smashed down on the wrong head and a head that happens to be hard, with the result that the club received a deeper nick than did the head, is fortuitous—though not without significance. If it had happened to fall on a more vulnerable head, this Georgia folk-tale would have been quite different, and more probably would not have been at all. For if Talmadge could have made a case against Cocking on the race issue, Georgia (with a handful of honorable exceptions) would have accepted the professor's dismissal in silence.

A point of basic significance in the Georgia events that have made national headlines the last few months is not that we still breed men of Talmadge's caliber; not that high political office is theirs, either by default or by public acclamation; not even that for various and conflicting reasons this particular display of demagoguery has met with widespread and vehement disapproval; but that the few honest-to-God Georgia believers in democracy, having no resources of their own for securing "political wood" are being forced into the dubious decision to burn down the third room in order to stop burning down the back shed. There being no powerful group which devotes itself sincerely to democracy's ends, those who desire this or that of democracy's warmth must align themselves with an undemocratic force or remain out in the cold—rejecting now a crude red-suspected, tobacco-chewing demagoguery for a smooth, oiled, well-mannered, literate oligarchy.

COMMON GROUND

An interesting commentary on the Georgia scene (and on all America if one looks closely at racial discrimination in Army camps and defense projects) is that every individual who has come to bat for Cocking has deemed it expedient to base his defense not on the *democratic invalidity* of such allegations as Talmadge made against Cocking but upon the *factual falseness* of them. It remains a matter of speculation how many of these men really deplore the existence of racial prejudices in a country that calls itself a democracy, rather than merely the crude and bungling manner in which the Governor displayed them. But the record is unequivocal that a person who has a political or social or economic position to maintain in Georgia—who is a “respected citizen” and deems it worth the price exacted to remain one—either cannot, or assumes he cannot “for strategic purposes,” publicly affirm his belief in democracy and in the brotherhood of man in terms of their Southern reality. “Don’t quote me” is as familiar to Southern ears as a half torn-down back shed to Southern eyes.

It is a long, circuitous road from Talmadge back to that little house where our words began—winding for three hundred years through land gullied of its richness, stinking with twice as much commercial fertilizer as all the rest of the United States, crowded with a people drained of their energies, many of whose malnourished children have never drunk a glass of milk in their lives, twisting around villages of Northern-owned mills which breed like flies on the South’s

low wages, curving around fine big school houses staffed with sixty-dollar white teachers as ignorant as their wages are low, shying off from run-down shacks staffed with one twenty-five dollar black teacher, crossing, recrossing, crossing, recrossing magnificent million-dollar highways filled with jalopies . . . moving on across the South, across the years, past planter and mill owner, sharecropper and miner, commissary and chain store, churches, churches . . . past entrepreneurs of Northern capital, entrepreneurs of Northern industry, on across a land where folks sell cheap and buy high, always sell cheap and buy high . . . where it is good business to take more out of the soil than you put back in, more out of people than you give back to them . . . across a land where folks high and low, rich and poor, for three hundred years have been burning their back porches to keep warm.

Yes, somebody is burning down a lot of back sheds in Georgia, in the South, in America—burning personal integrity to keep a little job, burning land and forests to make quick money, burning cheap labor to heat expensive smoke stacks, burning our black brother to warm the white man’s blood, burning citizenship for a demagogue’s tricks, burning down democracy’s house today—because it is a lot easier to rip up a few boards and step back in to the fire-place than to hunt the hillside in bad weather for a little wood.

Lillian E. Smith is co-editor of *The North Georgia Review*, published in Clayton, Georgia.

GREEN CITIZENS

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

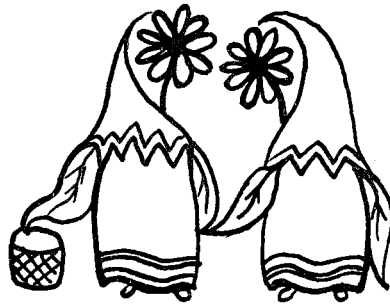
I WAS eight years old when I first began to take an active interest in the plant population of the United States of America. I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet. I was blazing myself a trail across a bit of Appalachian forest, and my blade sheared into bark that gave forth a sweet odor on the Southern air. I was curious for the first time about the identity of a plant, and because my companion was an elderly gentleman with a philosophic turn of mind who found it diverting to enlighten youth, I learned that this was spice-bush, "a fine old native shrub." That day he named for me trillium and saxifrage, walking fern and lady's-slipper, and bade me never touch any of them, because they were little plant citizens of ancient American lineage and so entitled to respect and unmolested security.

Another day, when I was playing Richard among the Paynims, I suggested that the ox-eye daisies in the cow pasture would make excellent Saracens and that I would like to decapitate them with my willow sword, but I supposed this would not be permissible? On the contrary, said my old botanical mentor, the ox-eye daisy was "just a weed," of foreign origin, a low-lived immigrant that had worked its way into our tolerant American field. I might do as I liked with the daisies. And I did.

Thus was sown first prejudice. It was watered and cultivated when, in later boyhood, I was set to grubbing out the dandelions and plantains from our

Chicago lawn, with the explanation that they were "foreign weeds." (In the same class, I was given to suppose, as the small girls with shawls over their heads who came from the "foreign" districts beyond 79th Street, around six in the morning, and stole our milk bottles off the back porch.) No one remarked to me that the Kentucky blue-grass which we were so carefully trying to raise was Kentucky in nothing but name, and came from Europe, like many of the finest people in the Blue-Grass State today.

Sooner or later the distinction between aboriginal plants and those of foreign origin is driven into every mind. We learn that rooted all about us are two



kinds of plants, the indigenous and the exotic.

About plants there exists among many a peculiar form of snobbery which has given to the word "exotic" a singular luster that Webster never granted it at all. "Exotic," of course, simply means "introduced from a foreign country; not

native; foreign," but common use has made of it a gorgeous kind of superlative. Is this born of the innocent democratic persuasion that every title that glitters is pure gold? How proud is a neighbor of mine of the "exotics" in his hothouse, though he scarcely heeds the Queen Anne's lace along his walk, as "exotic" a flower as any orchid he nurses!

When I began to study botany and my great-aunt discovered that a young



man of twenty-one with a presumed heritage of good sense was seriously proposing to occupy himself for life with "a lot of little weeds," her hand trembled as she watered her aspidistras and mother-in-law plant. Now an aspidistra was something she could understand, and so were the funkias in the round bed in the middle of her lawn. She could see point in them, and the point was this: these foreigners, distinguished by their unadaptable delicacy, could only be made to grow in our suburb at great trouble and expense. They were as difficult to entertain as visiting royalty, and therefore as much to be flattered. The aspidistras sulked by never flowering. The funkias flowered, but would never condescend to set fruit. Neither, of course, could be turned loose to look out for itself in the freedom of our Nature. They had to be cosseted; therefore they were precious to my great-aunt.

I am reminded of Mark Twain's visit in a California garden. "You see," explained the proud climate salesman as he led Mark from one horticultural marvel to the next, "you see, Mr. Clemens, that here we have the silver-tree from South Africa. It will grow here. Here we have the strawberry-tree from the Mediterranean; it grows here too. This is the Nipa palm from the Malay peninsula; it too finds Pasadena congenial. Yet here is the Iceland poppy; it also will grow in our Golden State."

"Yes," said Clemens, peering down skeptically at the struggling shoots, "they all grow here. But some of 'em hate like hell to do it."

They weren't, in short, Americans, and never will be, for no matter how many California gardens they ornament, they will never be found free among the native plant polity. They will never sink into the scenery and become a natural part of it, as has, for instance, the European foxglove which, leaning in rosy spires from every roadside through the Oregon forests, is now accepted as typical of the wilderness there as the Douglas spruce itself.

Yet there exist in the realm of plant-lovers certain super-snobs who despise just that exoticism my great-aunt loved. This peculiar type of patriot has no use for introduced vegetation. I recall how, when I belonged to the New England Botanical Club, a wave of intense local feeling swept that body upon receipt of the news that the White Mountains of New Hampshire had been planted to Colorado blue spruce. Now there is nothing imaginably pernicious about this favorite suburban lawn conifer. But let Colorado blue spruces stay in Colorado! cried the Bostonians. Let no mollifying hand disturb the rugged grandeur of our northern Chimborazo (as Daniel Web-

GREEN CITIZENS

ster or somebody equally hyperbolic once called Mount Washington).

Which is all a way of saying that we, a foreign race ourselves (save for those of us with a streak of aboriginal redskin), seem to have a singularly prejudiced feeling for or against the plant immigrant. This is the more unreasonable, since plants are, restfully, themselves without any feeling or prejudice at all. But in twenty years' progress as a botanist I have learned to look at our plant society from points of view so opposite that, in toto, they look all around it.

In two universities I attended, each noted for the strength and glorious traditions of its botany department, I early imbibed the feeling that the flora of North America was matchless and discrete. None other was under consideration. I was given to understand, directly or by implication, that all our plant troubles were sown in the moment the first European sullied our primeval soil with his footstep (see a reference in the last canto of *Hiawatha* to plantain, in this connection). The flora of Europe, harried by man until only the fiercest weeds could survive, was, it appeared, the origin of most of our pests.

By contrast there was set before my eyes the aboriginal North American flora, of ancient lineage, pre-Glacial, going back to that golden age of the flowering plants, the Tertiary, elsewhere preserved only by a drifted corolla in Baltic amber but here living, growing, maintaining an enduring and perfect balance—until man came with the seeds of corruption.

My teachers could go through the landscape, botanizing intently, with eyes absolutely unseeing of any garden or grain field. They overlooked these enclaves as my great-aunt could drive through the redlight district creeping up Prairie Avenue in Chicago, without taking her mind off the Fortnightly Society.

I never heard discussion of an economic plant or a useful introduction, in four years of majoring in botany. I was allowed to graduate, *cum laude*, still unable either to spell correctly or to tell barley from wheat.

Then I went to work for the Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction in the Department of Agriculture. And here one proceeded upon the principle that the native flora of North America was "no damn good," in the words of my immediate superior, Wilson Popenoe, the plant explorer. It was esteemed one of the most backward, cantankerous, unwieldy, weedy, unprofitable, and inconsiderable of possible vegetable coverings for a continent. It ranked, around that office, as the music of the Navaho would rank in an audition at the Metropolitan Opera House. Our country would have nothing growing in it, so it seemed, until we succeeded in spreading in it the plants from the four corners of the earth, which lonely adventurers—Joseph Rock, Frank Meyer, P. Howard Dorsett—were sending in to our office.

And the old F. S. P. I. was fighting a doughty battle for the future of American agriculture, against some heavy odds. For one thing, our climate precluded the use of tens and thousands of plants most useful abroad, since there isn't a corner of it, right down to the tip of Florida, entirely free of the possibility of a killing frost. Then the fantastically high cost of hand labor prevented us from raising many of the finest crops, for if an American can't do a thing mechanically, he hasn't the skill or patience to do it any other way. Finally, the factor of prejudice arose again. We the people have long been hopelessly provincial, both as planters and as consumers. All our farmers wanted to stick to a corn-and-hogs economy; our housewives, rather than try a new vegetable, served potatoes

COMMON GROUND

three times a day; our suburbanites, even when they traipsed to Florida to rusticate, could think of growing only roses in a climate and soil hostile to the rose.

Yet, when I came to it, the Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction had already introduced more than half a million different consignments of plants, representing, of course, many times that many individual specimens of several thousand kinds of species. They came to us from the ends of the earth—from China, Japan, Ecuador, New Zealand, Abyssinia, Finland, and Guatemala, from the Caucasus, Libya, Siam, and Tibet. Other offices in the Department of Agriculture also had an interest in the introduction of valuable exotics. Among the lot of them, it may justly be said that they have given the country crops worth many millions of dollars annually. In the aggregate of the years (and only very recent years at that) the profit from introduced plants runs up, I dare say, into billions of dollars. Durum wheat, deglet-noor dates, the sorghums, the avocado, the mango, Sudan grass, and innumerable other valuable species now established here are due directly to the plant introduction of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

And by no accident of chance—as the useless amaranth and plantain slipped into the country, stowaways in the ballast of the first ships to bring settlers. I mean to say that, had the Government not set out to find those species of worth, brought them over here, raised them, experimented with them, distributed them, publicized them, and got them going as commercial crops (after which it entirely relinquished guidance over them and turned to the search for new species), it is most unlikely that private initiative would have taken over the job. Nor could it have accomplished it more efficiently and completely, for when

private individuals or companies have imported a foreign plant, the idea has generally been to keep it exclusive property, to hang on to it and make a pile from it.

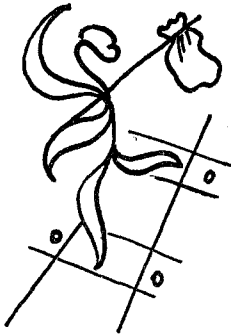
So now, having learned in my college years to love the ancient purity of our native flora, I had found out how much our agriculture was enriched by cargoes and harvests from afar. I had learned first the systematics of indigenous plants; then, under great masters like David Fairchild, a little about applied or economic botany. And then I went abroad, to live for six years in the European countryside, and there I found the root-stock of the flower-love of our race.

For in those years when I lived under ancient Provençal olive trees, where the nightingale and redbreast sang, nothing was new to me, after all; it was all an old, old story, learned in childhood, the childhood of our common culture. This was the land, I discovered, where the hyacinth and narcissus, the crocus and snowdrop were native, and the primrose and the blue squill. In these classic woods grew the myrtle and laurel of the Roman bucolics, and here was Homer's ilex oak. Heather and lily-of-the-valley, bluebells and ancient beech—about each one of them there clustered a wealth of deep cultural associations, to which even one born in the New World feels heir. The oldest and best loved portions of our American garden flora have, very naturally, been drawn from European plant materials. The ancient products of careful Chinese and Japanese horticulture are a later addition to our gardens, together with resplendent novelties from all parts of the world. But so long have larkspur and monkshood, fritillary and eglantine been with us, we claim them now as our own.

What we still persistently disclaim is what we dislike—the weeds. We are apt

GREEN CITIZENS

to ascribe them all to Europe. True that I found many of them there, where they behave quite as badly as here. But the interesting thing to me was that by European manuals they are usually ascribed to Asia Minor or the trans-Caspian region. And I am told that, when you go to those remote regions, these tough plants still behave like a foreign but invading plant population. Biologists have a name for this pushing status—they call it inquiline. Now the curious thing about many of our inquilines is that, though they make themselves at home in every part of the world, all the way to New Zealand and on the high Andes, only a small proportion of them is acknowledged as native in any country. They are, figuratively though not literally, rootless. They are the railroad tramps, the beach-combers, the roadside gypsies of



the plant world. And these obnoxious elements are drawn from all continents. The tropics have contributed weeds like the poisonous Jimson weed and the dirty little pest called Galinsoga that you see in city alleys and even in hotel window boxes. Europe has sent its fierce thistles all over the world; witness Hudson's accounts of the way the European milk-thistle was even then taking over the Argentine pampas. Central Asia has probably been the source of the ugly pigweed or amaranth. North America has con-

tributed the rampant cactus to Australia, and poison-ivy to England. And what weed could be more of a nuisance than ragweed, which is as native to the U. S. A. as a grizzly bear or opossum? In short, the "worst elements" in the plant populations of all countries have much in common.

Obviously, of course, this is a purely anthropomorphic view of plant life. A weed might be defined as a plant out of place. But of course thistles in the wheat are out of place only to the farmer. Nature utters no reproaches; in that larger view, a plant is free to grow where it can, and to take over as much of the earth's surface as it can conquer. Man has, however, interjected not only his viewpoint, filled with moral judgments based on his own welfare and pleasure, but he has also made himself responsible for shifting the earth's plant populations about, wholesale. In a century he has entered on a whirlwind destruction of the natural grass plains of the earth, supplanting most of the original steppe, veldt, pampas, and prairie covering with foreign cereals or foreign pasture grasses. He has ripped out the hardwood forests of the temperate zone, chopped his way through the coniferous timber stands, and done no little slaughter in the tropical jungles. No matter how he finds the vegetative cover, he immediately decides he wants it to be something else. He can hardly wait to change his own changes; here in California where I write, non-profitable olive and walnut groves of much dignity—for which three-century-old native live-oak forests were cleared away—are now being felled to make room for truck gardens economically operated by our Japanese neighbors. And secretly, slyly, into their furrows troop the weeds, the plants that perpetually outwit man's destructive hand, by hook and by bur.

COMMON GROUND

To sum up in a rough census: to a native American flora (out of which few agricultural possibilities had been developed by the aborigines) of about fifteen thousand species of flowering plants, we have added about twenty thousand economic or ornamental species of foreign origin and three or four hundred kinds of exotic weeds. (The weeds, individually, probably outnumber all the ornamental or economic species ten to one.) Add to this about ten thousand fungi, many of them microscopic, many dangerous inquiline parasites, also a sprinkling of harmless mosses and ferns, and a two-ocean fringe of lolloping seaweeds.

A realistic botanist takes an impartial interest in all these plants—or in as many as he can hold in his head. For they are

all now, in one sense or another, American citizens. In the course of the years, if he is not afflicted (as I'm afraid some botanists are) with acute provincialism, he tries to get about the country and get to know all these teeming, jostling plant-people, with their various characteristics, some prickly and some seductive, some useful and some sadly destructive. He searches them out in the valleys and forests, the peaks and plains where they take their little stations, from Maine to Florida, from Puget Sound to the Gulf. He finds it a life-time job. At least I do.

Donald Culross Peattie is the well-known author of An Almanac for Moderns and the recent best-seller, The Road of a Naturalist.

Carolyn Levine is the illustrator.

AMERICA BECOMES MUSICAL

DAVID EWEN

It has taken two world wars to make America the musical center of the world. After the First, Europe had neither the mood nor energy to lavish attention on the arts, and many of her musicians came to this country to settle or to centralize their activities here. Expanding America not only held promise, it had the price to pay the piper. The Old World was almost bled white, and by the same process the New received a vitalizing transfusion in every phase of her musical activity: symphony, opera, conservatories, small ensembles.

World War II made America the musical capital of the world. The flight of free culture before totalitarianism has brought to the United States since 1933 a musical stream of unparalleled genius. Among the greatest composers now inextricably associated with American musical culture are Schönberg, Stravinsky, Milhaud, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Bartók, Křenek, Weinberger, Martinu, Hindemith, Toch, and Weill. Leading theorists and teachers of Europe have joined our conservatories and universities: Nadia Boulanger, Leichtentritt, Alfred Einstein, Nettl, Geiringer, Curt Sachs, Hans T. David, and others. And Bruno Walter, Fritz Stiedry, Adolf Busch, Hans Steinberg, Desiré Defauw, Otto Klemperer, Georg Szell, Fritz Busch, Rudolf Serkin—leading conductors and instrumentalists—have associated themselves permanently with our foremost musical institutions.

II

But it was other, and earlier, immigrants who built the foundations of our present-day healthy musical life. They came to a young, artistically immature America and worked against discouragement and frustration to create a consciousness for good music where little or none existed. They were the nation's music teachers, the builders of its music institutions, the organizers of its audiences.

They brought with them to the Yankee shores their love for song. Choral singing forms the foundation of our musical culture; it established traditions of music-making and engendered a love for music, all-important in an evolving music consciousness. In Colonial days, the church was the center of cultural and spiritual life, and to improve congregational singing churchmen organized singing schools which in many instances produced capable choral units with ambitious repertoires. Thus the oldest musical organizations in America are choral societies. The Moravians who settled in Bethlehem had regular *Singstunde* as early as 1742; in 1744 they founded the Collegium Musicum, possibly the oldest organization of its kind in America. In 1786 the Stoughton Musical Society was organized through the influence of American-born William Billings. And in 1815 a German immigrant, Gottlieb Graupner, organized the historic and celebrated Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, largely with German American membership.

COMMON GROUND

Later immigrants also contributed richly to choral activity. The German Forty-eighters in Milwaukee formed a *Musikverein*; those in Cincinnati a *Saengerfest* which presented leading German American choral groups of the Mid-West. In 1882 the Swedes in the little prairie town of Lindsborg, Kansas, organized a choral society which gave extraordinary performances of the *Messiah* and the *St. Matthew Passion*.

These and numerous other choral organizations prepared the ground in the United States for emergence in other musical fields. Pioneers from Germany, Bohemia, Russia, Austria, and other countries who came in great numbers in the middle of the 19th century found a growing love for music but, except for choral work, a sterility of musical activity. To their efforts belongs the development of American concert life, the birth and growth of our present major musical institutions.

In 1848 the Germania Orchestra came to this country for a tour. When it disbanded, its members set about individually to make music in America. There was Carl Bergmann, concertmaster of the orchestra—often referred to as the first important American conductor—who for two years led the Handel and Haydn Society. In 1855 Bergmann became conductor of the New York Philharmonic, a post he held twenty years. He also conducted in the German Stadt Theater in New York and there introduced the Wagner music-dramas to America. His scrupulous musicianship and devoted sponsorship of Wagner and Liszt left a deep imprint on New York's musical life.

Carl Zerrahn and Hans Balatka of the Germania Orchestra established their homes in Boston and Chicago and at once dominated the musical life of their respective cities. For forty years Zerrahn

was conductor of the Haydn and Handel Society, and for thirty years principal conductor of the Worcester Festival. Balatka introduced Beethoven symphonies to Chicago, kept orchestral music of all kinds alive there over a period of many years, directing one organization after another until the magnificent Chicago Orchestra was established.

There were other immigrants from Germany to give form to the evolving musical life of the country. Theodore Thomas came when he was ten years old, making his baton debut in 1858. From the first he was motivated by the ambition to develop symphonic music in the United States. He founded his own orchestra in 1864 and made extensive tours through the country—bringing good music to communities which had never before heard an orchestra. For twenty years Thomas traveled the famous "Thomas Road" which was paved with good music. He refused to be discouraged by the ignorance of his public; his patience was infinite. Finally he saw the victory of a lifetime of effort—large audiences appreciating the highest standards of orchestral art.

Leopold Damrosch was Theodore Thomas' friendly rival. He founded an orchestra of his own—the New York Symphony Society—and this organization also set out on long travels to educate the United States to good music.

It is impossible to overestimate the achievements of men like Thomas and Damrosch. As a result of the response given them, local musicians in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and other cities were encouraged to organize orchestras of their own.

But orchestral music was not alone in profiting from the labors of 19th-century immigrants. Chamber music found valiant sponsors in Theodor Eisfeld and Dannreuther at a time when the string quar-

AMERICA BECOMES MUSICAL

tets of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven played to empty halls. Leopold Damrosch inaugurated German opera at the Metropolitan Opera House as had Carl Bergmann at the German Stadt Theater. Concert artists like Anton Rubinstein gave solo recitals at a time when it was said a solo performance could never attract an audience. Rubinstein went even further—to the consternation of his manager; he launched a monumental series of six concerts tracing the history of piano music.

III

How fruitful the efforts of these pioneers were can best be appreciated by glancing swiftly at the development of musical activity in America during the last five decades of the 19th century.

In the 1850s there was only one permanent orchestra in America—the New York Philharmonic, founded in 1842; and even this had no pretentious artistic program. Innumerable cities had never known the experience of hearing a symphony concert. Audiences for good music—and good music *alone*—were virtually nonexistent. What the general public liked was circus entertainment with its music. Concert pianists might appear with sleigh bells attached to their ankles to accompany a composition describing a sleigh ride; or they would publicize the fact that they could perform more notes per minute than any other artist. Great European musicians visiting America would be compelled to feature trite and popular numbers extensively on their programs—*Money Musk*, *Carnival of Venice*, *Yankee Doodle*. Wilhelmj and Anton Rubinstein both composed variations on *Yankee Doodle* for their American audiences; even Paderewski planned to write a set of his own. Orchestras and choruses appealed when they boasted of fabulous numbers of performers: it was nothing unusual for a concert to feature an orches-

tra of several hundred and a chorus of several thousand, even though such bulk was unwieldy for good performance. Music, in short, was regarded by middle-19th-century America as another form of popular entertainment—rather like minstrel shows, prize fights, and the circus. In the South and Mid-West many who came to the concerts of Theodore Thomas grumbled that the evening fell flat because there had been no end-men and no jokes; they further lamented that the men of the orchestra had been too lazy to blacken their faces.

Yet by 1900 there were thirteen major symphony orchestras in the country. Those of Boston and Chicago were subsidized, and maintained high artistic standards, comparable to those of the great European organizations. And immediately after 1900, orchestral activity spread like contagion. In New York both major orchestras were subsidized and set forth on ambitious programs. From 1902 to 1909, major symphonic orchestras were founded in Philadelphia, Minneapolis, St. Paul, New Orleans, Seattle, and San Francisco.

In the realm of chamber music there were simply no audiences in the 1850s. William Mason stood on a corner of Union Square distributing handbills to passers-by with the hope of attracting at least a small audience to his *Quartet* concerts. *Quartets* arose and passed, killed by the indifference of the general music public. Yet by 1900 a world-famous *Quartet* led by Franz Kneisel achieved extraordinary popularity, particularly in New York. And in 1903 the Flonzaley *Quartet* came into being and during its existence played more than 2,500 concerts in some 450 cities, a traveling missionary for great chamber music.

America was becoming aware of sound musical values; circus tricks no longer entered the concert hall. In 1850, recitals

COMMON GROUND

by soloists were rare because they could not attract large audiences. But after Rubinstein gave his monumental series of historic recitals in New York and proved by their success that audiences had grown more perceptive, concerts by world-famous recitalists made the concert activity of leading American cities rich and varied, equal to that of many leading European capitals.

Opera in New York in the early 1900s was realizing its greatest epoch, the epoch of "all-star casts," of Mahler and Toscanini at the Metropolitan Opera House; of Campanini, Mary Garden, John McCormack, and Tetrassini at the competitive Manhattan Opera House. Opera was also extending its sphere outside New York, to which it had for the most part been restricted. In 1908 a major opera company was founded in Boston, and Oscar Hammerstein built a special opera house in Philadelphia, where several nights a week he brought his New York company. In 1910 an opera company was formed in Chicago.

IV

By the outbreak of the First World War America could take its place among the musical countries of the world. But it was destined to make still more Gargantuan progress after the War. The invasion of genius from harassed Europe contributed richly to our musical institutions. But a still greater force was at work to bring music literally into the American living room.

The early history of recorded music, the radio, and the talking pictures was marked by a refusal on the part of its promoters to believe that great music could ever appeal to other than a small and esoteric group. Recorded music became a profitable commercial venture about 1903; yet it was not until 1927 that

it concerned itself with more than four-minute excerpts from operas and symphonies. The radio came into general use about 1922; but it was several years before symphony orchestras and opera performances became part of radio entertainment. Talking pictures established themselves shortly before 1929; yet for many years Hollywood would not consider using good music as a means of screen entertainment.

But it has now been proved that people generally respond to great music and are ready to support it. The sale of serious-music phonograph records is enjoying an unprecedented boom—about ten million discs a year—and only because recorded music now devotes itself to the best. Serious music has become a major part of radio broadcasting. A national survey in 1939 revealed that 62.5 per cent of the radio public listened to programs of serious music, and in 1940 it was estimated that such music over the major networks consumed nearly two thousand hours. As for good music on the screen, already such major personalities as Stokowski, Walter Damrosch, Lily Pons, Grace Moore, Kirsten Flagstad, and Jascha Heifetz have appeared in feature productions; and major composers like Aaron Copland, Stravinsky, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Darius Milhaud, Erich Wolfgang Korngold, and others are recruited to prepare original scores for the screen.

V

It is too soon to evaluate the final effect of this two-way infusion into the musical life of the nation—of immigrant talent from above and of increasing appreciation from below. One fact emerges unmistakably: within the last 100 years the United States has grown from a musically-barren pioneer country to a position of first importance in the world of music. But the

AMERICA BECOMES MUSICAL

process is not yet finished: American music is still becoming. Like other branches of American culture it still faces the problem of assimilating the wealth offered it—not only from the mature Old World but from the Indian, the Negro, and the folk patterns of the New. That American music of the future will not be a slavish imitation of the European is evidenced by the growing school of native American composers and native American music, a story beyond the bounds of this discussion. To the American musicians and composers of this and the next gen-

eration will fall the task and opportunity of synthesis, of drawing upon the richest musical heritage and talent any nation ever fell heir to, and out of it creating new patterns, new wealth.

David Ewen is the author of many well-known books on music, including The Man With the Baton, Men and Women Who Make Music, and Musical Vienna.

For another phase of the development of American music, see Verna Arvey's article which follows.

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK AND AMERICAN MUSIC

VERNA ARVEY

DURING the autumn of 1941, musical America celebrated the centenary of the birth of Antonín Dvořák, who, though not an American by birth or by adoption, was the first person to perceive the tremendous musical possibilities in the United States and to forecast the ultimate growth of an authentic American idiom. His message to the New World was at first reviled, then misinterpreted, despite the homage tendered him personally as a great creative artist. Today, nearly fifty years after his visit, Americans have begun to understand his views and to agree with them.

In the last decade of the 19th century when Dvořák came to our shores, America had long since freed herself from Europe politically. But culturally she was still held in thrall by the mother continent. She discounted her own artists, did not trust her own judgment. She looked to any fairly competent—and sometimes incompetent—European for her thought-patterns. Then along came Dvořák and told this great amalgam of diverse strains to look *within* for a national culture. Small wonder that people did not know quite how to receive this revolutionary advice.

One cannot entirely agree with his biographer, Karl Hoffmeister, who argued that America, "musically sterile . . . waited until this Czech gave her something of a national art," nor with the English editor of the book who added a footnote in which the words "unmusical

America" appear. One is inclined instead to take the view of the composer himself when he spoke of America's great musical resources to which he merely pointed the way.

Beginning on September 8, 1841, and ending in 1904, Dvořák's life-span covered the period of Bohemia's liberation from Austria and the subsequent awakening of her national life and culture.

Though the elder Dvořák came from a family of village musicians, he wanted his son to be an innkeeper and butcher. He refused to pay for musical instruction, and Antonín had to earn the money at odd jobs. The village schoolmaster at Nelahozeves taught him to sing and to play the violin; before he was twelve he could fiddle enthusiastically along with the itinerant musicians who played at his father's inn. In 1853 an organist at Zlonitz introduced him to the piano and organ and taught him a little theory. Then his father, relenting, sent him to Kamnitz for advanced study, and there he felt the first urge to compose. His initial effort was ludicrous rather than impressive, and it was a long time before his father allowed him to go to Prague and enter the organ school maintained by the Society for Ecclesiastical Music. Once there, he mingled his study with professional work, playing in dance-bands and the like.

Prague was an exciting experience. Once Richard Wagner visited the city

ANTONÍN DVORÁK AND AMERICAN MUSIC

and Antonín followed him about the streets to catch a glimpse of his face. Later his own compositions were to catch the interest of Brahms, another of the great German composers of the period.

After his student days, Dvořák was given the post of organist in St. Adalbert's Church. During the next years he was awarded several stipends from the Ministry of Education in Vienna from a fund established especially to encourage composers. Ultimately he became Professor of Music at the Conservatory in Prague; Doctor of Music at Cambridge (1891); and Director of the New York Conservatory.

Perhaps Dvořák's most notable contribution to the art of music was his perpetuation of Czech nationalism in music. From strolling musicians he had acquired a taste for the rich harmonies, melodic eloquence, and rhythmic variety in the folk music of his people. Gradually he began to perfect a sincere and individual form of his own, occasionally borrowing from folk tunes or those written in imitation of folk tunes, but generally borrowing only their spirit and vigor, transforming them by his glowing imagination and fine technical equipment. His was a fresh voice. His Slavonic Dances literally electrified the musical world.

One critic was astute enough to know in advance just what Dvořák would mean to America. With the success of the latter's nationalistic compositions fresh in his mind, Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel wrote in the *Century Magazine* for September, 1892: "In Dvořák and his works is to be found twofold encouragement for the group of native musicians whose accomplishments of late have seemed to herald the rise of a school of American composers. The eminent Bohemian . . . has placed himself at the head, or at least in the front rank of the nationalists in

music. . . ." Two months later, in November of 1892, Dvořák secured a leave of absence from Prague to teach in America at a considerable salary. His last weeks in Bohemia were nerve-racking, for every town wanted him for a farewell concert.

Not long after his arrival in the United States in January, 1893, he started writing the Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, better known as the controversial *From the New World*. This, according to its composer but not to stubborn musicologists who thought they knew better than he how to interpret his works, was a musical record of Dvořák's impressions of life on this continent. In order to understand it, one must take into consideration what he found when he set foot in the New World.

First of all, he found Negroes, not many years removed from slavery. Their folk music was as alive as ever. Dvořák was fortunate in having as student and friend Harry T. Burleigh, the colored singer and composer, who had made a study of this music in all its forms. Mr. Burleigh repeatedly sang old plantation songs for him. *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* was a special favorite. Often, as the singer came to a song with a flat seventh, the older composer would stop him and ask if that was the way the slaves sang. Dvořák "saturated himself with the spirit of these old tunes and then invented his own themes" for the New World Symphony, according to Mr. Burleigh. Those themes, in many instances, are recognizably Negroid in character. Camille W. Zeckwer, also a student at the Conservatory, said many years later that the composer had often announced to his pupils his intention of using Negro themes in this composition. Not only that, but at its initial performance Dvořák insisted that the conductor, Anton Seidl, give an

interpretation designed to emphasize these characteristics.

Dvořák also found people concerned with the Indian. Longfellow's perception of the beauty in Indian life had taken poetic form in *Hiawatha*. Dvořák, who had made a study of Indian musical themes, admired *Hiawatha* so much it ran through his mind while he was composing the second and third movements of the New World Symphony.

Besides Negroes and Indians, the New World held a combination of old- and new-stock European peoples, mingling to produce "typical" Americans. Whereas before 1880 immigrants were predominantly of Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, and Germanic stock, by the time Dvořák arrived they were coming from South and Central Europe and adapting themselves to industrial rather than to agricultural life. In other words, when certain of Dvořák's admirers insist that the New World Symphony is Slavonic in feeling, they are, in a special sense, quite right, for Dvořák found Slavs from Central Europe in the New World too.

When other listeners profess to hear many other things in the Symphony, they are also right, for it is probable that the composer wove into this creation all his impressions of a growing, energetic country. New cities were springing up in what was still rural America. There was argument and dissension, for bitterness over the Civil War was not yet a thing of the past. Countless political projects rose and fell. America was in the process of becoming conscious of itself and its Americanism.

Dvořák's famous E Minor Symphony adheres closely to the traditional form. Its impressive introduction is followed by an Allegro which employs a syncopated figure sometimes found in American pop-

ular ballads of the '90s as well as in a certain type of European folksong. The second subject of the first movement is the one which calls to mind *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, though it is by no means an exact imitation, except as to tone intervals. The memorable Largo (often mistaken for an American Negro melody because English words have been put to it and it has been used separately as a song called *Goin' Home*) was an original melody with the composer, who characterized it as the musical expression of a mood that came over him while reading the story of *Hiawatha's* wooing. The following movements of the Symphony are livelier, eager and impetuous; the last has a dynamic force.

Mr. Krehbiel said that the Symphony as a whole had created a greater stir in the musical world than any instrumental piece composed within the last decade or more, with the possible exception of Tchaikowsky's *Symphonie Pathétique*. Strangely enough, the composition created such discussion that commentators are still loudly proclaiming that it is or isn't this or that, entirely disregarding its composer's avowed intentions. "It is wholly Slavonic, written while the composer was homesick," they will say. Or, "It shows no Negro influence whatever. On the contrary, the Negroes have borrowed from it!" Paul Nettl advanced a more logical argument when he told of hearing in Bohemia a folk tune, *My Sweetheart, I Came to Thee*, which was similar to *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*. This, he wrote, is a case where the Negro folksong entered Bohemia through Dvořák's New World Symphony, for it is evident even to unskilled musicians that this melody infuses the Symphony's first movement. It is not surprising that Dvořák himself grew irritated at the undue emphasis placed on what, to him,

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK AND AMERICAN MUSIC

was an incidental point, not a major issue, and wrote to Oskar Nedbal that his alleged use of "Indian" and "American" motives was a lie; he had tried to write only in the spirit of these national American melodies.

Culturally the New World Symphony influenced American musicians. A group of them, led by George W. Chadwick, quietly ignored the battle of the critics and turned their attention to American folk tunes. It is significant that today a large percentage of the programs devoted to American music also include Dvořák's E Minor Symphony. A cynic might find a dozen explanations for such a phenomenon, but the simplest and probably the most accurate is that so far at least it is one of the best, most direct and easily understood, most comprehensive musical pictures of the American scene.

If the Symphony occasioned comment, a veritable storm arose when in February of 1895 Dvořák published in Harper's Magazine in collaboration with Edwin Emerson, Jr., an article in which (after telling how to establish American musical centers with opera houses, conservatories, concert halls, and so on) he said calmly that America could and would find a basis for a national school of music in her beautiful Negro folk music. It was his opinion that since all countries have their distinctive national songs which they at once recognize as their own, the American people must have some native music which brings a light to their eyes and makes their hearts respond. "In the Negro melodies of America," he declared, "I discover all that is needed for a great and noble school of music. They are pathetic, tender, passionate, melancholy, solemn, religious, bold, merry, gay, gracious, or what you will. . . . There is nothing in the whole range of composition that can-

not find a thematic source there. The fact that no one has yet arisen to make the most of it," he added, "does not prove that nothing is there." He was well aware of the arguments pro and con that would be advanced. He even anticipated them in that much-discussed article. But he discounted them all. What did such rationalizing matter? What difference could it make? "The thing to rejoice over is that such lovely songs exist and are sung at the present day."

Whereupon many of the critics of our land that had long prided itself upon taking musical orders from Europe jumped up in a body to protest, first satirically, then vehemently. They might have taken issue with him on many other matters, but they ignored all the rest and created a controversy over a few paragraphs. The Negro *isn't* inherently musical, they cried; he copied his songs from those he heard his white master sing; if his singing is original, he has just distorted the white melodies; he brought no music from Africa and, if he did, it isn't entitled to be known as American music. For that, we must look to the cowboys, Indians, mountaineers. . . . The die-hards fought against Dvořák's dictum and are still fighting. As late as 1937 a metropolitan critic was alarmed at the performance of a symphony by a Negro composer and wrote hurriedly that we had better return to the Anglo-Saxon before it is too late!

There was and is no cause for alarm. While composers noted Dvořák's views, listened to and absorbed American folk tunes, they also went right ahead and followed their own paths—which is as it should be, for no creator worthy of the name is entirely subservient to the thoughts of any other. American music today is as much of a conglomerate as is America itself. In making that statement one must automatically define "American

COMMON GROUND

music" as does Dr. Howard Hanson, as being any music that is created in America. There is no evidence that the Negroid element has overbalanced all others.

And yet there now is no doubt that to a large extent Dvořák's prediction has come true in all the Americas, for the influence of Negro music is clearly perceived in sophisticated, popular, and folk music in all the countries to which Negroes were taken as slaves. Dvořák foresaw that foreign composers like himself, Stravinsky, Ravel, and Debussy would idealize the Negroid idiom; that Americans like Gershwin, Jacques Wolfe, Harold Morris, David Guion, Louis Gruenberg, and many others would openly acknowledge their indebtedness to it. But perhaps he did not anticipate the rise of talented and well-equipped composers like his own

pupil, Harry T. Burleigh, William Grant Still, Clarence Cameron White, and William L. Dawson, who, being Negroes, would produce musical creations in that idiom more authentic than any other.

Let this be said of Dvořák as the centenary of his birth is observed—that he came here to learn as well as to teach. He came to admire and to find hidden treasure, not to scoff and brand us as being unworthy of cultural achievements. His humility and his sincerity compelled him to make public admission of these facts. His thoughts were recorded in print for all to see. Doubtless he took as much from America as he gave.

Verna Arvey is the author of numerous articles for musical magazines and of the recent book, Choreographic Music.

AN ATTEMPT AT AUTOBIOGRAPHY

REGINA GOR

ON February 28, 1917, an invisible blade divided my life in two.

In those first days of the Russian Revolution, I could not know that the life I had hardly begun to live had ended, that I was to be catapulted into a new, unknown, undreamed-of, and unprepared-for existence in the United States.

The United States and Russia—I mean that vast Empire called Russia for hundreds and hundreds of years before it became the U.S.S.R.—were not only on opposite sides of the globe geographically, but were in every form of existence diametrically opposite. And the greatest difference between them lay in the social structure. We had almost insurmountable class distinctions. At the bottom was the peasantry, then the workers, servants, small tradespeople in little towns or at the outskirts of the big cities. Higher came the lesser professional people—nurses, teachers, dentists, midwives, civil service workers. Then came the intelligentsia—doctors, professors, lawyers, artists, writers—highly educated and mostly well-to-do. Next came the wealthy, and above them towered the aristocracy, which in its turn had a complicated hierarchy that culminated in the Czar and his court. The only groups that ever mixed were the intelligentsia and the wealthy.

I was born to a family that represented such a mixture for generations. My mother's father was a financier; her mother one of a long line of scholars, poets, and priests. My father was the

oldest son of a wealthy family that could boast of little but its wealth.

Mother had the usual education for a young girl: reading, painting, music, languages, dancing, needlework—all directed toward an early marriage. But shortly after her separation from my father, she had the chance she had always wanted. She went abroad to France and Germany, where she studied medicine and obtained an M.D. She practiced from the day of her return to the very day she left Russia after the Revolution. She was a famous and brilliant physician whose services were sought by people in every walk of life, from peasants to courtiers, and our house became a gathering place for everyone prominent in the arts and professions of all kinds.

My brothers and I grew up among fine and pretty things, amid soft speech and perfect manners, supervised from the moment we came into the world till the last day of that world in 1917, when all foreigners were ordered by their governments to leave Russia and my governess left me. Although by tradition and necessity Mother had to relinquish the care of us children to servants, she never failed to keep a watchful eye on us. She was the sun around which the household revolved.

At eight in the morning our governess or, when we were very small, our nurse would see that we were "presentable" and march us into the dining room. We took our assigned places at the long table, at one end of which the housekeeper pre-

sided over the samovar. The maid served our breakfast, and, when we were half through, Mother would appear, fresh and smiling. She kissed us and greeted the servants. Then while she breakfasted we all lingered at the table. The housekeeper heard her orders; Mother always planned the meals herself. But the dining room was as far as she went. She never so much as peeped into the kitchen, and though she knew all about fine eating, she had never boiled even water in her life.

In the days before we entered school, we went to our rooms after breakfast to work at tasks assigned us by our governess: reading, writing, music, languages, gymnastics, and dancing. There were also hours of walking in the park and playing games with other children brought there by nurses and governesses. We were never denied anything that would aid us in our education or development. Our books were the best, in quality and edition. Mother's desire to be always a step ahead prompted her to get us an English governess while still almost everyone else had French ones.

At tea time we again were all together. At eight there was supper for the grown-ups; we children had ours an hour earlier and were ready for bed by eight-thirty. Mother always came in to say good-night, often jeweled and festively dressed, ready to go out for the evening.

Everything in our surroundings was accepted as a matter of course: servants when service was required—though we were taught to do many things for ourselves like dressing and keeping our possessions tidy; silver, flowers on the table, well-mannered playmates, a beautiful home. We did not know another world existed, where people lived differently, at least not until we entered school. Then we encountered representatives of other social groups. And though we did not actually come in contact with them,

we found there were children whose parents were neither rich nor famous, and children of a higher plane than we, with whom contact was also not so simple.

For such a vast country, Russia did not have many schools. Villages large enough to have a church had a one-room school where boys and girls of the peasantry could be instructed in elementary reading, writing, and arithmetic, with perhaps a little history and geography. Such schools were usually conducted by young women of the same class, who by a stroke of luck had obtained a real education. These were State schools and therefore free.

Military schools were also supported by the State but were free only for sons of commissioned officers, though they were open to certain civilian families on payment of tuition. But no child whose parents were not in the "Blue Book" could ever hope to enter such a school, no matter how much money they had. Boys entered at ten and lived there till they graduated—with luck—at seventeen.

The educational institutions for girls of the gentility were on the same order. You lived there until you graduated. They, too, were Government supported and free—if you were a daughter of the aristocracy. Otherwise no money could get you into one.

Then there were various day schools for boys and others for girls. Privately owned, with tuition high, they had the means to obtain the best in education. Sending a child to such a school meant having him live at home where parents could watch his progress. There was not too much regimentation, yet they provided discipline. Since they were so expensive, there was little danger that children would come in contact with undesirable representatives of the lower social strata. The intelligentsia always sent

AN ATTEMPT AT AUTOBIOGRAPHY

their children here. When the time came, we too were entered.

Now my brothers parted with the care of the governess, as was customary, and became self-sufficient. But Miss Ashton took me to and from school almost to the time of my graduation.

Friendships were formed quickly and freely, but even among girls of the same



grade social distinctions appeared. High tuition was not always a barrier; there were tradespeople, railroad workers, and even servants who wanted to give their daughters an education, and who got the money somehow to keep them in such a school. We were often great chums with these "cooks' children." But only in school. Seldom did we visit their homes or invite them to ours.

School gave me freedom and responsibilities. Learning was easy for me, and I was always planning and directing and taking part in every school entertainment or function. On my first visit to the theater, I had fallen in love with it and

thereafter never missed an opportunity to try out my dramatic ability.

We lived on the River Volga, in the capital of one of the eastern states bordering Siberia. School closed for three weeks at Christmas, and there was sleigh-riding with bells jingling across the frozen river and huge bonfires on the other side at the foot of the mountains. There were parties of all sorts, concerts, theaters, grand balls where boys and girls came together. I was usually one of the committee that planned our school balls. We even took charge of the refreshments, making sandwiches and tea with the help of our maids. But this was as far as our household ability and information went. Now, looking back on those days, I cannot see how it could happen that the most essential phase of a woman's life—housekeeping—should have been overlooked so completely in our upbringing.

Now that whole life is like a dream.

When I was sixteen, my future began to be discussed. All I wanted was to be an actress, to study in the Dramatic Studio of the Moscow Art Theater. But no one would hear of it. I was reproached, scorned, lectured, and appealed to for two years. My ancestors were called upon to show that never had anyone dared disgrace the family by acting. To be the public property of the mob, to be applauded and criticized by everybody was unthinkable. I persisted. Finally it was decided that I should go abroad with Miss Ashton for a year. Then, if I still insisted, I could enter the University of Moscow.

But the year abroad was no antidote. In Germany, where we went first, I begged so hard to enter the theater school in Frankfurt-am-Main, Miss Ashton moved us on to Holland, where we stayed the rest of the time.

Back home again in 1911, I enrolled

in the University and moved with Miss Ashton to Moscow. Now I was really free and independent; Miss Ashton did not impose her authority but was more of a companion. I came and went, when and with whom I pleased. I could even read the newspapers, which up to that time I had only seen neatly folded on a tray at Mother's plate in the morning. Without telling anyone, I enrolled for evening classes at the Dramatic Studio of the Art Theater. The work was strenuous, but I loved it. I did not keep it a secret very long, but somehow the newness of the idea had worn off and Miss Ashton did not mind. She was even on my side when the time came to tell Mother.

With the outbreak of the First World War, Mother, too, came to Moscow, closing up the old home and establishing a new one in a quiet part of the city. Her activities now revolved around the War and its relief. In 1914 I graduated from both the University and the Dramatic Studio, and in the spring of 1915 I was one of the Junior Group of the Moscow Art Players. But I, too, could not resist the patriotic urge to do something for my country, and in 1916 I enrolled in the Red Cross War Nursing course for six months.

Then, over us, broke the Revolution of February, 1917.

II

For five years we tried to find a safe and quiet haven for our tired minds and bodies. Until 1920 we stayed in Russia, fleeing from the cities, where the Revolution was more virulent, to the country districts. We finally found a precarious safety in our summer home in Odessa. We could not believe our world was at an end, that the White Army would not ultimately triumph over the Reds.

When at last it became apparent they would be defeated, we fled again, this

time to Turkey. Every town in Europe was filled with Russian refugees, the majority of whom had to struggle from the start to provide themselves with even a meal. A few, either luckier or wiser than the rest, had sizable sums in foreign banks, we among them. With this, Mother felt sure she could establish her practice again, perhaps in France, perhaps in England. But once in those countries, the difficulties seemed insurmountable: she was unknown except to her fellow-refugees and they had neither heart nor money to care for their health.

Our possession of means was an important factor in our final decision to make the United States our home. For five years now we had been uprooted, for the last two wandering over Europe. In America, far away from turmoil and uncertainty, in the land of opportunity, Mother could surely re-establish her practice and I could go ahead with my interrupted career. I had a college education in the fine arts; I spoke six languages fluently, among them English; and I had had a short but successful career on the stage of the Moscow Art Theater. All this I was sure would play an important part in a start on the American stage. I was also young, not bad to look at, with endless energy and ambition.

In 1922 we arrived in the United States.

I soon obtained a job with a Broadway producer in a play to go on the road. My English was terribly "English," too "foreign" for any significant part, but the producer thought I might drop the foreignisms by being with the show for a time, acquire an American accent, and understudy someone in the cast. I was content. Sooner or later I would obtain my rightful place in the theater.

Mother was not so fortunate. Finding herself again unknown, and the State

AN ATTEMPT AT AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Board requirements for a medical license bewildering and discouraging, she invested all her money in a kind of super-beauty-studio as an alternative. (She was a skin specialist.) But with no practical financial experience, she managed her affairs unwisely in this expensive venture and in a few months lost everything.

This was so severe a blow her health was impaired and her state of mind such that I could not think of going on the road with the play and leaving her alone. Our beautiful apartment on 50th Street just west of Fifth Avenue had to be given up. We established ourselves in a dingy tenement on East 82nd. Almost all our furnishings had to be sold, partly because they could not fit into our new "home," partly because they brought in a few extra dollars. We now had no means to help my brothers—newly-arrived refugees—establish themselves in their fields of medicine and engineering. We had to give up even the idea of having someone do our housework. Mother had to find her way about a kitchen and actually attack pots and pans. In the beginning half the meal was burned or scorched or otherwise unfit to eat. But as I knew still less about housekeeping, I could venture neither criticism nor help. For twenty-five years I had never given a thought as to how and where the money so freely and generously given me had come from.

Now I had to earn money so that we might live.

I thought of my diploma from the Russian Red Cross, verified by an identification card, which by some miracle I had not lost in the years of roaming around Europe. With it I went to the Red Cross Headquarters in New York to ask advice. They told me of agencies that provided jobs. I registered with a few and soon was launched in private nursing. Though I was well paid, the

work was uncertain and the intake of money uneven. We still were very poor at budgeting—or penny-wise—and never could make ends meet. But Mother had become a little more reconciled to her loss and felt better, temporarily. I thought institutional work might provide me with a more steady income, and through the Red Cross found a job at the Grassland's Hospital near Valhalla, New York. I worked there for a time, but Mother grew frightened alone in the city, and her health failed rapidly.

So I returned to New York and found work at one of the city hospitals. Though our finances were slim, we paid our rent and had at least one square meal a day. I had time to spend with Mother and with the man who was to become my husband. Yet Mother could never really reconcile herself to her loss or to the new way of life. She ate her heart out and had no wish to live. In the spring of 1925 she died.

The day she was buried I developed pneumonia and spent the next three months groping my way back to life. Pulling me back was Alexis, my fiancé, who made me promise to marry him as soon as I could be discharged from the hospital. Love is a bond of strength, even in poverty and misery.

III

The pattern of Alexis' life had been a straight line, carved out for him by generations of his military Russian ancestors. Boys of his class were brought up to be officers in the Imperial Guard, the girls to be their wives. From the moment they could walk and talk, boys were taught to march and speak words of command. Their education was strictly military, though, since they were destined for the most brilliant and noble branch of the army, they were also taught refinement of manners. The practical side of life

COMMON GROUND

was easily avoided. No one could serve in the Imperial Guard unless he were sufficiently wealthy to keep up and preserve its traditions. There were servants for the other things. Of course one did brush against life, then and again. In the summer on the vast estates one could see the peasants working in the fields and one visited the stables and even had friends among the stable boys.

Then came the War.

There were three years of honors, pain, shell-shock, gas—yet, after every wound, an even greater eagerness to rejoin the regiment and fight for all that one had taken oath to support at the gentle age of 18.

But the War was only a preliminary to the end of a world. The Revolution took home, wealth, security. At first it could not take hope. For three years of Civil War, a handful of officers and soldiers, Alexis among them, fought on against the Bolsheviks. It was a losing battle; the White Army yielded ground, little by little; its members finally had to flee the country, and Alexis found himself in Turkey.

Yet life is sweet even for a pauper, even for a cripple, even for an uprooted, useless human being. There followed years of wild hope of regaining power and driving out the Reds. But it was all a dream—a dream of people hanging onto the past lest they be left in utter darkness and despair.

But dreams and hopes grew smaller; only reality was left, a reality where there was no one to fall back upon, no one to brush aside the thorns of common, hard, everyday living. Elemental forces spoke: food and shelter became the first imperatives. Alexis worked at clearing woods, unloading freight trains, gathering fruit. Hard uncomfortable beds in dilapidated barns and huts were too often unobtainable luxuries. Only the instinct of self-

preservation forced away thoughts of suicide.

By good luck he was included in a group of refugees to be sent by the American Red Cross to the United States. The words kindled him. If life had to be lived anew, where more completely than in that land of the free? In 1923, with all his possessions tied in a handkerchief in one pocket of his first civilian suit, bought second-hand in a market in Constantinople, Alexis set foot on American soil.

Here, again, food and shelter were of foremost importance. With the help of the refugee committee, ice plants, doll, candy, and biscuit factories moved into his horizon with kaleidoscopic swiftness. Nowhere would they keep him because of his slowness and manual unfitness. But somehow life became clearer in its demands, his reactions more prompt. Three years of battling with fate were not lost; he was ready to take the offensive. He began to look for work he could make his own—independently. At this point a kind and generous Jew stretched out his hand to help. Alexis in the past had had no use for any Jew, rich or poor, scholar or ignoramus. Fate has its ironies. The Jew taught him how to paint, gave him work, and paid him well. In good time he qualified for the painters' union. The day he received his union card assumed tremendous importance in his mind. It was like the day the Czar had handed him his commission in the Imperial Guard. It was an admission he was part of this new country.

By the fall of 1925 he was earning a fairly good living, I was out of the hospital, and we were married.

IV

The time I had spent in hospitals, whether as worker or as patient, had not improved my knowledge of housekeeping.

AN ATTEMPT AT AUTOBIOGRAPHY

For the time being, we decided to eat out. This proved expensive and not too good for us. I pondered over the remedy. I was by now fairly well used to earning a livelihood, but private or institutional nursing, work which I knew, would require too much of me. I must find something else. A Russian actress friend, who knew enough of sewing to stand her in good stead now that there was no call for her dramatic ability in her adopted country, held a position as forelady in an exclusive dress shop. On her recommendation the proprietor decided to try me as saleslady. Before long he thought so well of me he made me manager, while he opened a new store. He paid me well; business flourished. Now, together, Alexis and I earned enough to make us very comfortable; we kept a part-time maid to do the mysterious housework, and still we were able to put something aside for a rainy day and our old age. We could permit ourselves parties on birthdays and at Christmas. Life was pleasant.

But not for long.

One very bright sunny morning in January, 1928, I woke up blind in one eye.

I will not dwell on the horror and despair that enveloped us. With a faint ray of hope I visited one of the best specialists in the city.

"When did that eye get blind?" he asked.

So it was true. . . .

Detachment of the retina, he said. The other eye might and might not be affected. Something might be attempted to try to help the blind eye, though it was probably a waste of time and money. But what was money now? Our family—and for that matter Russians generally—held the fixed opinion there were no better doctors in the world than in Germany. Alexis and I both refused to give up hope until I had seen a specialist there.

Off I went to Europe for six long months in hospitals and sanatoriums. Every device known to science was tried with no result. No one could restore sight, not even in Germany. Tired, discouraged, I came back to America.

Our savings were gone; Alexis' work dwindled day by day. He had been crushed by the blow almost as much as I. All our



hopes, all our dreams, lay wrecked under our feet. But life had to be faced. First I had to do something to free myself from being a helpless burden. The New York Association for the Blind, the Light-house, came to my rescue, and just in time. Hardly had I returned from Europe when my other eye failed and I was totally blind. We faced this second calamity more calmly: we had spent ourselves in grief and fright.

Though work was hard to find, Alexis managed to keep a roof over our heads and food on the table. We moved to a very cheap place in the heart of the slums and rented out our extra rooms. I began to learn housekeeping. It had been hard to understand when I had

COMMON GROUND

all my faculties; now it was terribly difficult. Little by little I learned to sweep the floors, not always too clean, I am afraid. I learned to cook simple meals, burning one thing occasionally and serving another not exactly done. Alexis was endlessly kind and patient. The Director of Social Welfare at the Lighthouse was encouraging—almost a little puzzled by my attitude toward the new life I had to learn. He was blind himself but could not consider it a calamity or handicap worth being unhappy about. Miss Emily, the home teacher they sent me, a jovial, kind young girl, scorned anything I might say in self-pity. “Why, there’s nothing to be heartbroken or discouraged about,” she would say. “Sighted people have only two eyes to help them. You have ten fingers.” And she was right. Many a time since then I have seen more with my ten fingers and something still within me than any two eyes could ever see.

With the help of a cane I went about the block doing my marketing, sometimes fooled by an unscrupulous merchant who thought it good business to take advantage of a blind woman, but more often treated courteously and kindly. Sometimes my good friend Clair went shopping with me. She never treated me differently or showed pity because of my handicap. Matter-of-factly, with no hint of patronizing or criticism, she watched out that there was no disarrangement in my appearance. Though I had to move slowly and carefully, inside the house and out, I never ran into disaster. I manipulated my gas stove and oven, and eventually washed and ironed without burning myself. I scrubbed, and polished.

When I read my first Braille book I felt a wonderful new joy. Reading had been a deep necessity, grown out of years of habit. Cut off from it, I was lost, out of touch with the world. I also learned to type and knew the independence of

being able to write, even if I could not read what I had written.

But time still dragged. Alexis was away from seven in the morning until six at night. There was not much for me to do but practice all Miss Emily was teaching me. So I made rapid progress. Yet the days were long and I had too much time to think and brood. Our financial position was precarious; our savings had long since gone; Alexis’ work was dwindling in the Depression. I yearned to help. Miss Emily again had the answer: she would teach me to sew. When she thought I could be trusted, the Lighthouse sent me a bundle of linen towels to hem, and in time I became very proficient, sometimes earning as much as four dollars a week. It was little, but it bought many things, paid many a gas and electric bill.

As a child I had played the piano but had neglected it during the years of the Revolution and rehabilitation afterward. Now I learned Braille music and found it much easier than the complicated black dots that had confused me as a girl. The Lighthouse provided me with a piano as long as I should have use for it. They sent me a radio, through which I kept my contact with the world and knew all the news better than Alexis, who was almost too tired in the evenings to read his papers. I could be good company once more, telling him things. I could sew at my towels while listening, and enjoy plays and movies and poetry.

Step by step, painfully but steadily, I learned one thing after another, until I was completely at ease in my home. I needed help from Alexis now and then, but these occasions grew more rare, until he even managed to forget I could not see and began to think of me in terms of my old self. This was deeply satisfying; now I could take my rightful place by his side again.

AN ATTEMPT AT AUTOBIOGRAPHY

V

But 1932 was the depth of the Depression, and our means shrank by the hour. There was no work. Our friends were for the most part other Russian refugees. We talked often of the past, comparing its glory with the present shabbiness of our existence. These constant glances backward tended to weaken our almost-acquired resistance; our stamina and courage were nearly gone. For what was there to look forward to in the future? My rooms generally stood empty; the workmen who would have rented them had no jobs and could not pay. We still had food on the table, but we kept the roof over our heads only with the greatest of effort. Several times we knew the humiliation of eviction.

What should we do?

A farm seemed the best solution: a place where we could have country freedom, fresh air, work that did not have to be sought day in, day out, a corner we could call our own, with no one to pity us, no one to criticize.

From the beginning it seemed only a dream. What was a farm? How did one go about acquiring a farm? How much would such a venture cost? What did one do with the land? We knew as little about it as about building an aeroplane. Yet farm it had to be. We asked questions of everyone we saw and pieced our information together. A farm might mean a small piece of land, a house and some buildings—and chickens. This was almost inconceivable. People actually made their living by keeping chickens? In Russia we had seen only estates with thousands of acres of grain fields, hundreds of head of livestock, or summer villas with a patch of garden on the shores of the Black Sea, where a chicken only appeared roasted, on the dinner table. But the ways of the new life in America had been continuously strange; we accepted the fact of a

chicken farm along with the rest. Practical now as any Americans, we investigated the possibilities—location, costs, income.

Real estate catalogues offered farms at terms so invitingly reasonable it seemed a simple matter to buy one with the \$300 left of our savings. But investigation at close range, with a salesman to guide us, brought only disillusionment. We had to have chicken houses for our future flock, and a house for ourselves—and farms so equipped were terribly beyond our reach. One agent got tired of us, shook his head over our \$300, told us to forget about it and return to the city.

Alexis finally went off alone, hitchhiking and walking from place to place to find what was for sale. Eventually he came upon a possibility, an overgrown nine-acre farm, with chicken houses, a house, and a few tumble-down outer buildings. It looked like its owner—very neglected, very old, very shabby; but the price was small. All our money would go in the down-payment, however. How were we to stock it and live until our flock was producing? Friends came to our rescue; we borrowed \$500 on notes; and in a week all was settled—papers drawn, the mortgage signed, the old man out, the whole place painted by Alexis from top to bottom. This was the fall of 1932.

Only fools or saints could have tackled what lay ahead of us. But God watches over fools. . . .

Here we were, a blind woman and a man with a broken back—a half-dozen wounds in his body, shell-shocked and poisoned with gas—our knowledge of farming exactly zero.

As long as the weather was good, the house was comfortable, but the first rains showed that the cellar was only a swampy pit producing a dampness that covered our clothes with mildew overnight. The

cookstove was something I had never seen before; the chimney smoked; there was no water in the house, no facilities of any kind, no heat. The walls were transparent and the wind blew freely. In the winter the ink froze solid. So did the drain, and I had to carry all the water outside. I fought mice, I covered cracks, I scrubbed. The house smelled of a million unpleasant odors from previous owners who had left it at a loss. But we could not let it go. It was our last chance.

With the help of the county agent, Alexis inspected the coops and found them lacking in most of the essentials except walls—and these were in far from good condition. Our borrowed capital would not be nearly enough to put everything in shape. Bravely Alexis asked the lumber company for credit and generously was granted it. By spring the coops were ready, but when the chicks and brooding equipment were paid for, we had nothing left. And there were six months ahead before the chickens would produce.

An older friend lived with us, paying us \$25 a month for his maintenance. It was our only income—with three people to feed, \$12 a month to pay on the mortgage (to be paid, no matter how great the hardship), and the chicks to raise. In the spring rains, the chicken-house roofs proved only sieves, and the chicks were almost deluged. We spent sleepless nights, visualizing our loss, but miraculously the chicks survived. The roofs, however, had to be fixed; again we had to ask for credit. As the birds grew, so did their appetites. The feed-mill proprietor was unbelievably kind, giving us credit far beyond his better judgment, plus good and friendly advice.

The routine of a chicken farm had been pictured as simple. One fed the chickens twice a day (watering was not mentioned), and the rest of the time was a

man's own. In actuality, feeding was constant, especially with the young birds; and watering was always a problem. In the heat of high summer it had to be done not less than three times a day, and the only hand pump was 400 feet from the coops. With water for the house from the same pump, that meant at least 30 pails daily. In the winter the birds had to be forced for laying. Lights went on in the chicken houses at three in the morning. That meant also feed and water. By the time Alexis had delivered water to the last house, the pans in the first were frozen and needed to be replaced. There was endless work. Production fell, debts mounted. Spring meant new chicks—and no money to pay for them. At times the only thing left to do, it seemed, was run and hide. But this meant defeat, facing the world once more empty-handed and beaten. That, we could not contemplate.

No matter how cheerless the outlook that first spring, it was still spring, and the farm was bright with sun and birds. And in June something of good omen occurred. Alexis was called for final examination for citizenship. When he left the courtroom after it was over, his mind was at peace. That day no problem was too hard to tackle; there was no thought of failure; he was one with this country. He laid the certificate of citizenship away carefully with his other documents: his union card, our marriage certificate, the deed to the farm, the faded little identification card issued to a wide-eyed young lieutenant in the long ago. Those wide eyes, then so curious and eager, could not see the man now at the other end of the world with eyes determined and mellowed by experience. Here was an echo from the past to make the present much more real and true. Here were stepping stones from that past—good to look at to get courage for the future.

And we needed courage. I could not

limit myself just to housekeeping with so much else that needed doing. Even the housework itself required my moving about the grounds as the water was far out in the yard, the coal and wood piled up in different corners. I learned my way around slowly and painfully. When the chicks arrived, I was with Alexis every minute: his six-foot-four frame was too clumsy to handle the fluffy baby chicks. We sat up nights to watch stoves that would not give heat. The pump went dry and we had to carry water from a neighboring farm, an added 500 feet. We nursed sick chickens singly and by the hundreds. There was even a time when the loss of our farm seemed inevitable. When there was no other way out, Alexis worked on the road and I took care of 9 blazing brooder stoves and 2,400 chickens alone. I fed and watered them, carried feed and materials over a two-acre area, went in and out of doors, gates, fences for a year, with no mishap beyond one crushed chick. I became thoroughly familiar with everything about me; I could not only walk but run.

I did all the housework besides—washed, baked, cooked, ironed, scrubbed, fed my cats and dogs. I read; I knitted and crocheted. Except for our baker, newsboy, and feed man, we had few contacts; people tend to avoid anyone not like themselves. Especially is this true of the blind, whom sighted people are generally very timid in approaching. Every new person I met gave me a feeling of doubt since I knew I did not meet them on an equal footing. My skill in acting covered my inward turmoil, but it was always there. Because of my loneliness I took to writing, not with the purpose of publication but because I needed some method of self-expression. I kept a diary. . . .

And now?

The leaky old house is remodeled into a comfortable home with every city convenience. The tumble-down buildings are replaced by sturdy, roomy new ones. Every fence, every corner, every tree, shows care and love. The house and coops are provided with an automatic water supply. The two half-cleared acres have become five cultivated well-kept ones. The mortgage is paid; the farm is truly ours.

This does not mean there are no debts; but now they do not frighten us—or the people who advance us credit. Our days are pretty much the same. We still work hard—only now we know what we are doing and how to go about it. We still have more to learn. Yet other poultrymen now come to Alexis for advice. Nine years ago he was the greenest of the greenhorns; now he is an authority—at least to other greenhorns in the line—and we smile a little. We have made a few friends but still depend largely on each other for company and on books and the radio.

Some time ago, the salesman who once advised us to forget about a farm and go back to the city drove into the yard and tried to talk us into selling. We could get a fine price for our place now, he said, improved as it was and well-equipped.

We only said No. How should we tell him there is not money enough in the world to pay for all we have put into this place? What money could ever pay for the fears and anxieties we have known here, for the joy of achievement and success? This land has become part of us, has given us back ourselves. Here we have been reborn to full and useful lives.

No, our farm is not for sale.

This is Regina Gor's first published work. The drawings are by Sascha Kronbourg.

THE TWAIN MEET

LINCOLN LEUNG

Not so long ago at a football game I had a memorable experience. After the crowd in the stadium had sung *The Star-Spangled Banner*, a woman standing beside me, noting my Chinese features, asked where I was born. When I replied California, she was wreathed in smiles.

"Why then you're an American!" she beamed.

Her remark made me think back over the years of my growth, the experiences I have had, and the habits I was forming then that make me now so American.

To begin with, my parents came from China in 1900. Father was an herbalist; he had undergone intensive training at the Peking Medical College where he studied the effect of various mixtures of herbs on disease. Even now, when modern medicine has made such inroads in China, herb doctors are very much in demand. When Father settled in Los Angeles, he continued his profession. It was remarkable that he was successful almost from the start, for he dealt exclusively with "Americans" and his knowledge of English was woefully inadequate. "R's" he never could pronounce, and my brothers and I always laughed when we heard him advise his patients to eat "lice."

But Mother doesn't even speak English, although she has been in California now for forty-one years. She lives the protected and isolated life of a Chinese lady in China. Except for infrequent Sunday afternoon drives, she seldom leaves the house. In all her years in America not

once has she gone to the corner grocery store to buy a pound of butter or a loaf of bread. Until we children grew up, a maid used to do these chores. Mother has tiny bound feet, wears Chinese gowns always, and drinks nothing but tea, which she has on hand in a thermos bottle, hot, twenty-four hours a day. She loathes milk and cheese and will refuse anything cooked with butter.

Like most orthodox Chinese families, ours is a large one. I was born the last of a series. This had its disadvantages in that my birth was heralded without much fanfare. To be sure, Father did pass out red eggs and segments of cold, boiled chicken according to custom, but these did not compare in quantity to those distributed at the time of his previous-born.

Being China-born, my parents were excluded from American citizenship; and I believe this fact prevented Father, at least, from making a serious effort to adopt American ways. And yet Father was grateful to America too. He named all his sons after American Presidents. It started when he named his first-born son Taft. Somehow President William Howard Taft heard of it; and when he sent a wire acknowledging the gesture with thanks, Father was so elated and honored he named the next two William and Howard. Years later two more became Monroe and Lincoln. Today President Taft's telegram is a treasured family heirloom.

From early childhood, I, with my brothers and sisters, lived a double life. We drooled over ice cream cones at the

THE TWAIN MEET

corner store, we ran wildly over school grounds shouting English insults at our classmates, we played American baseball. Even when we were at home we generally spoke English to each other. That was our American life.

But to our parents we spoke Chinese. Father was strict about our learning the language properly. A Chinese proverb has it that nothing imaginable is clumsier than trying to pull a cow up a tree. So Father used to tell us that when we spoke Chinese carelessly we were like that. But this remark he reserved for moments of extreme exasperation when we'd absent-mindedly divide not only a sentence into Chinese and English words, but the words themselves into Chinese and English syllables!

When one of us was guilty of such a disgraceful lapse, Father immediately suppressed all American entertainment in our home, so far as possible. Playing cards would mysteriously disappear, the radio would be disconnected, balls and bats would be concealed in some corner closet. If this did not provide sufficient discipline, he proceeded more positively and took us to Chinese light operas, the music of which we thought sounded like a couple of cats fighting to the accompaniment of flying cans and bottles. The knowledge that we might otherwise have been in the movies chortling over Laurel and Hardy or thrilling to the exploits of Tom Mix in *Prairie Rustlers* added to the alacrity with which we usually conformed to Father's wishes. When he brought learned Chinese scholars to our home to lecture us on the history and culture of our racial heritage, we listened often with half an ear, but we must have absorbed a great deal of it, for it stays with us still. During all the years of our practical American public-school education, we attended also a Chinese-language school where our progress was carefully watched;

if one of us was hapless enough to be unprepared in his lessons, the punishment was to copy a whole volume of Chinese books, word for word.

Naturally this schedule of long hours at school made us appreciate with all the more delight the happy-go-lucky games and movies and careless idling we still found time to enjoy with our "American" schoolmates. And we discovered too that by the time we were ready for college, the habit of studying, of concentrating on a subject until it was mastered, was ingrained so deeply that we had little difficulty with the comparatively easy hours of college work.

During my early youth, and in many respects even now, the American way was more attractive. The freedom and the zest for living which typifies Americans, the wholesome and gay pleasures of my schoolmates—these things I loved and still love. I use chopsticks, but not to the exclusion of knives and forks; I play mah jongg, but I enjoy contract bridge as well.

Only toward my parents was I unpromisingly Chinese. Our relationship was formal and reserved. Never would I dare suggest a man-to-man talk with Father à la Mickey Rooney, and Father would never dream of hugging Mother impulsively and telling the family she was the sweetest wife a man ever had, in the approved Judge Hardy fashion. And yet despite this apparent lack of affection, our family, like all Chinese homes, was perfectly adjusted in every way. Father was its head, and no one doubted his authority; while Mother had her respected function as matriarch and ruler of the domestic system. Neither of our parents had to abuse his power to show it. To us they were always respectfully "Father" and "Mother," never "my old man" or "my old lady."

Christmas was a big day in our household, which seems odd considering that

COMMON GROUND

my parents were not Christians. To this extent Mother and Father became Americanized. They knew how important this day was for children all over America. So they had the tallest and bushiest tree our living room could hold; and all their gifts to us were always labelled in Father's own hesitant scrawl, "From Santa Claus." This holiday was one of the few occasions when the whole family sat down to dinner and ate with knives and forks. Except for such holidays we always used chopsticks and bowls at the supper meal. It was memorable too because only at Christmas and Thanksgiving did Mother nibble at celery, olives, turkey, cranberry sauce, creamed peas and carrots, sweet potatoes, and mince pie.

The Thanksgiving celebration was a more elaborate occasion. The Chinese love any excuse for a feast, and even with their scant knowledge of American history my parents knew that the big idea of Thanksgiving was to have a huge feast. We sat down to a table decorated with flowers and candles, with wines of various vintages within reach. Maids were brought in to serve the elaborate meal, and Mother and Father presided, he in his American tailor-made dark suit, Mother in a beautiful jade and gold lace Chinese gown, wearing her jade ear-rings and jade pins in her shining black hair.

When we were older, Father let us celebrate New Year's Eve too. I remember his calling in my oldest brother to plan the party weeks beforehand. When the night came, there was dancing for the young crowd and mah jongg and Chinese dominoes for Father's and Mother's friends. Various refreshments were served to accommodate the different tastes of the two groups: ice cream and cake for us and *gai chuk* or chicken porridge for the oldsters. I remember darting into one room and hearing the chatter of Chinese and the click-click of mah jongg tiles, and

darting out again to see swarms of couples in formal clothes, the girls in organdy or satin, dancing to the music of *I'm Singing in the Rain* or *You Were Meant for Me*. But there was no differentiation in viewpoints when it came to ringing in the new year. And it was my father, it seemed, who always made the loudest toot on his horn come midnight.

Then on every Fourth of July we'd have the biggest demonstration of fireworks on our block. Neighbors from all around would line both ends of our house to watch the sight. To passers-by, it must have seemed incongruous that when it came to celebrating the independence of this country, the Chinaman's family always made the biggest noise.

My friends at school were mostly American Americans; and those I made at college who were invited to my home regarded it as a great treat. A few were delighted when they learned to eat with chopsticks and to call Chinese dishes by their proper names.

Just before the conclusion of our college years, many of us Chinese Americans began to face the problem of the future—how to earn a living in a country which was native to us by birth, yet alien in many ways. One girl went to a commercial school and graduated with high honors, but she could not find a job in spite of the efforts of its placement bureau. Another friend who finished an engineering course *magna cum laude* had the bitter experience of seeing less qualified members of his class get jobs while he himself was barred because of his race. He now works as a waiter in a chop suey restaurant. Another prepared himself for the teaching profession, but today he is clerking at a fruit stand.

By the time I finished the University, I had given much thought to this problem. I finally decided that my best possibility was to secure a position with some

THE TWAIN MEET

large American company doing business in the Orient where my very peculiarities, which seemed a handicap, would in fact become my greatest asset. That was when I thanked my father for his insistence on Chinese-language school. Without Chinese, it would have been impossible for me to work in China.

I wrote letters to three large American companies, telling them of my education and qualifications, my knowledge of both English and Chinese, and the fact that I was an accountant, qualified to handle office details. I received an offer from two of those concerns immediately.

The company I accepted assigned me to its Hawaiian office for the time being. Future work will take me to the new and rebuilt China, where I hope to function as an intermediary between the two business worlds. I feel no longer the envy I used to have for my carefree schoolmates who went to school reluctantly and for the shortest hours they could manage. The long grind of study at Chinese school, the habits of work I acquired by carrying a double program through my

early years, my mixed environment—all these have been invaluable to me. My knowledge of Chinese is not so complete as my knowledge of English, nor do I feel as much Chinese as just run-of-the-mill American. But at least I understand both well.

As American-born Chinese, our function in life is an important one. We are the connecting link between two great cultures. Knowing both, we can interpret the one in terms of the other to promote mutual goodwill and friendship. Ours is a future so pregnant with possibilities that it is a joy merely to contemplate.

When Kipling wrote, "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," he had not yet met any of us fortunate American-born Chinese.

A graduate of the University of California at Los Angeles in 1939, Lincoln Leung is now with the International Business Machines Corporation in Hawaii. This is his first appearance in a national magazine.

QUAKER STREET

JAMES R. GORDON

WHEN I was a small boy I lived on Quaker Street, half way between the village saloon and the Quaker Meeting House.

Every Sunday I went to Quaker meeting with my parents. Every Saturday night Bill McCormick's saloon came to us. We were just the right distance for the alcohol to take effect, living as we did on Jim Walsh's farm. There were few Saturday nights when at least one drunken Irishman, staggering up Quaker Street with a dogged determination to hit the hay in Walsh's barn, did not halt below our house for a half-hour's monologue in rich brogue. Perhaps it was a sense of victory at reaching Irish real estate. None of them ever stopped to think of me lying in bed above them, drinking in the gorgeous obscenities and doughty challenges they spewed into the midnight air.

There were two I remember best, Old Lon and Three-fingered Jack. Old Lon was educated for the priesthood no doubt, for sometimes he talked like a poet and berated Jim Walsh for being an ignorant bog-hopper. The time he set fire to the hay with his old corn-cob pipe, the Walshes would have chased him off the place but for his great learning. Jim did beat the old man, being in a terrible Irish rage, but directly after, he was sorry and gave Old Lon a quart of hard cider for which the old rascal would gladly have been beat a dozen times.

Three-fingered Jack was illiterate, small, but likewise full of blasphemy. He had been in the Marines during the Spanish

war and sometimes when very drunk told with such conviction how the Spaniards had shot off his fingers we forgot the true story about a saloon brawl. One night at the turn below our house he held the road against all comers, from midnight till morning, with frightful oaths directed at the few carriages out so late.

Often Old Lon or Three-fingered Jack were still in the barn when I came to help at milking time Sunday morning. Then Jim Walsh arrived with his three-legged stool, moody and surly from the early rising. He belted his favorite cow with the stool, cast never a look at his guests, and



went to milking. For ten minutes there was no sound but the swishing of milk and the slap of a cow's tail followed by an Irish oath and the spat of skillful expectation. Then we heard Jim chuckle as he woke up to the morning work and noticed his not-unexpected guests. "A hearty

QUAKER STREET

man," he rolled out in a deep-voiced bari-
tone—

*"A hearty man
He swallowed a toad
And thought
He had a biscuit."*

This broke the ice and we roared with
laughter while the cows slapped in all di-
rections with their tails.

A few hours later, still smelling of the
stable despite a hot bath, dressed up in
Sunday clothes, I sat in the cool and quiet
of the old Quaker Meeting House waiting
for Phoebe Cornell or Charles Robinson
or Lindley Hunt to be "moved by the
spirit." They were the old people of the
meeting and they sat on the facing seats
where every First Day morning had found
them for the last ten years at least.

Phoebe looked like Whistler's mother
and dressed that way, only that she wore
a big Quaker bonnet. When the spirit
came upon her, it went first to her fingers
which trembled to untie the bonnet
strings. Then she put the bonnet beside
her on the seat and rose slowly to her feet.
The words came from her calm sweet face
in a slow reverent monotone. Very often
she quoted a psalm. Once, for she was very
old, she forgot the Twenty-third Psalm
right in the middle. She waited calmly for
the Lord to remind her; when He decided
not to, she sat down with unruffled dig-
nity. I remember the occasion well; I was
fourteen, but even then I understood, and
my heart sang with the great adventure of
her quiet and obedient life.

I don't think it ever occurred to me that
the Quaker testimony against hard liquor
had anything to do with Old Lon or
Three-fingered Jack. Without hard liquor
they could not have existed and I, of
course, wanted them to exist. They were
responsible in a way for the reputation I
gained of being a quiet, thoughtful boy.
The good Quaker people, nodding ap-

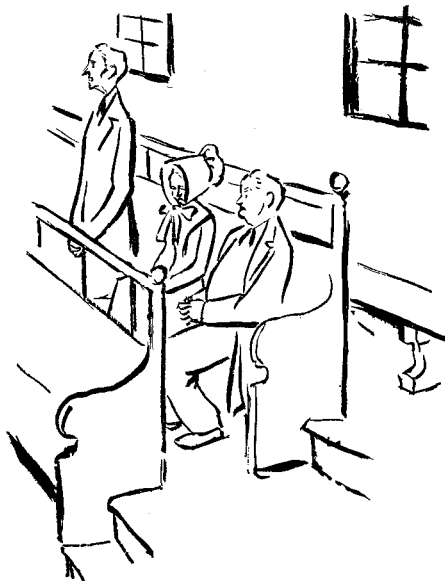
proval of my patience during the long
silences of meeting, would have been
shocked to know that while they waited
for the still small voice of God to make
itself known in their hearts, my heart and
mind and guts were often in a turmoil of
fancied tavern brawls with a crew of
drunken Irish "papists."

Somehow the violence of Jim Walsh's
farmyard, the swearing and obscenities of
Old Lon, never seemed to develop any
disloyalty in me toward the calm dignity
and dour solemnity of Charles Robinson.
He and Old Lon had certain physical at-
tributes in common; both were very old,
tall, and spare; both had faces that had
been badly knocked about. Old Lon's had
been cuffed and slugged for years by John
Barleycorn; Charles had got his during a
midnight struggle in a thunderstorm with
a barn-door that swung off-hinged in the
violent wind and caught him on the head.
He had escaped dying only by the grace of
God and his own courage and vitality. And
now for twenty years one whole side of
his face had swung unhinged in contrast
to the stern determination of the other.

Charles led the meeting by tacit con-
sent. When he took his place on the fac-
ing seat, he brought the silence of eternity
with him. For a moment no distant dog
barked; the birds that nested in the meet-
ing-house roof stopped their song. For a
moment the silence was uncomfortable.
The two mismatched searching eyes swept
over the congregation. Then the eyes
closed; the tall spare frame shook as he
painfully arose and prayed in strong true
accents from a distorted mouth. Some-
how, when closing time came, noon sharp,
he always knew. There was a movement
in the figure that for the past half hour
had been still as Rodin's Thinker; invari-
ably he turned as the hand of the clock
behind him pointed to 12, and reached
out his right hand of fellowship to Lind-
ley or to Phoebe; the meeting was over;

God's peace went with us to our Sunday dinners.

For the most part we were poor farming people, we Quakers. Only Lindley Hunt had made money and he seemed always a little apologetic. The Lord knew he had tried hard enough not to, selling



his lumber at fair prices with his books open to the customer. But a lot of people were shrewd enough to see that Hunt's lumberyard was the logical place to buy from; Lindley never managed to give away what he made, despite the poor boys he sent to college and the afflicted widows he helped.

We kids all loved Lindley, especially when his false teeth got jarred out of place—usually at the most eloquent point in one of his discourses, often just after he had told the story about nearly getting drowned. He was a boy himself then and a pretty good diver. Only one day the old swimming hole was a little low from the summer drought and he stuck in the mud at the bottom. Up to that time he had been a frivolous kind of boy, but lying there in the mud drowning he got

thoughtful and prayed. His prayer was something like this: "Oh, God! I never thought I'd die like this, stuck in the mud at the bottom of this old pond. But, if it be Thy will, so be it." Then a still small voice came to him through the water and through the mud. "My son, if thee will slowly turn over on thy side, the suction from the displaced water will raise thee up." He did as commanded and God's scientific law did its bit; up he shot to live a sober and devout life the rest of his days.

Another old man whose name I have forgotten was very quiet in private life. Yet something impelled him to get up every meeting and stammer out, "The door is open. I am the door." Then he would sit down, embarrassed but triumphant. I remember a fat little man, too, who played Santa Claus at the Christmas sociable every year. Once I heard him curse his cow in the plain language. "Damn thee," he was saying, "why don't thee give more milk!"

We had a great veneration for Albert Lawton, another Quaker saint, who ran Chappaqua Mountain Institute, a boarding school. One year I went there as a day scholar and was hazed in the usual way. Two big boys sat on either side of me at meeting and stuck me with pins until I shot up and spoke. I said, "God is love." It seemed appropriate and, besides, it was one of the shortest verses in the Bible. Albert Lawton had a great influence on his boys. He used to talk a great deal about the Path of Least Resistance and how we must not choose it. I understood what he meant the first time. He meant the lower end of Quaker Street, from the saloon to Walsh's farm. But I never felt he knew enough about my Irish friends to criticize them with such conviction.

Looking back, I realize how good it would have been for both groups had the Irish gone to meeting or the Quakers fre-

QUAKER STREET

quented their saloon; but in those days I took things as I found them. The secret of another kid's "out-curve" was more important than the mystery of his ancestry and our parents' mutual exclusiveness of small concern to us.

It was a fine thing to know Jim Walsh and live on his farm. Otherwise I might have made the mistake of thinking that only Quakers were good. Jim Walsh respected the Quakers; they respected him; but they let each other alone. Jim was too busy to bother with them, doing three men's work all the time. He was strong as any three men, too. Sometimes he caught one of us kids sitting on a stack of hay. All of a sudden the kid and the hay together got pitched up on the load. Another stack followed and the boy had to leap about to escape the great forkfulls that kept coming.

Sometimes a rabbi came to the farm with a Jewish butcher and Jim stood by, hat in hand, reverent while a calf was killed in Kosher ceremonial.

Life on Quaker Street was, I suppose, for the most part and to most people quiet and monotonous. Yet the old road is associated with epic convulsions of man and nature. Once a horde of Italians appeared from nowhere and tore it to pieces. They were administering a process invented by a Scottish engineer named MacAdam. It was considered fearfully expensive by the old Quakers whose children were later enriched by the rise in land values.

My earliest money-making was associated with these "Eyetalians." During the hot summer months while they worked, I walked up and down Quaker Street with a pail of cider which I sold at 5 cents a glass. I was a great joke to them. They liked doing business with an "American" on so low a level, particularly one with such open-eyed admiration of their pick-and-shovel feats. I was fascinated by the grunting and swearing, the constant chat-

ter in an unknown tongue, the gay camaraderie of their enterprise. At night they drifted back to the shanty where they lived on a communal basis and ate spaghetti from a big iron pot in the back-yard. They kept a Negro boy to make up their bunks and do odd jobs around the shanty. But the village truant officer destroyed his usefulness by dragging him to the district school where he taught us to swear and talk dirty in Italian. He was expert at playing truant both from the school and the shanty, though he had more respect for the "Wops" than for the truant officer. They beat him at regular intervals and he used to show us the marks with great pride.

The other cataclysm that struck us, the Quaker Street cyclone of 1905, is still talked about by the old-timers in Westchester County. A twisting black whirl of



cloud and wind suddenly went berserk off north, cut a swath of trees through the woods back of the Quaker school, smashed a dozen houses flat between the Meeting House and our barn, then went howling like a black dragon to its lair. Great hail-

COMMON GROUND

stones fell; darkness set in. No one said anything about the vengeance of God or the end of the world: Quakers are not expert students of the Apocalypse. They waited until the sun came out, took stock of the damage, and went to work at repairs. There was one death, many injuries. A very old lady shot sky-high in her bed but drifted calmly down on the highway half a mile to southward. Being of Quaker stock she waited quietly without loss of heart beat until a rescue squad carried her under a neighboring roof. There were endless tales of skylarking cows and horses, interchanges of Sears Roebuck catalogues which flew about in their Chic Sale domiciles. Several were rumored to have carried their readers along; but that could not be verified.

To my Irish friends the spectacle of Quakers shooting off into the sky was a long-remembered delight—after they had assured themselves of the little damage done their property. It was a victory for their Pope over these people who held that every man had his own private dealings with his Maker. Not a cow on Jim Walsh's farm had been touched. Of course he and his strong sons were out at once, helping the Quaker neighbors clear away the debris of their houses and set up the grave-

stones that had blown down in the cemetery. Nor was their enjoyment of the situation untouched with admiration for the way these Quakers took their losses in their stride and went to work for the common good. And, of course, there was the undeniable fact that the Meeting House was spared.

They were wise and kind, those old Quakers. So, for that matter, was Jim Walsh. His farm, like the Quaker Meeting House, was a place where people were welcome and made to feel better about being themselves, a place where anybody belonged and knew he belonged. My boyhood was lucky, with two fine places like that to belong in.

According to well-attested tradition George Washington stopped after the Battle of White Plains to visit the Quaker Meeting House, then a temporary hospital. Too bad Jim Walsh was not born then. The General might have stopped at his farm for a drink of hard cider on the way up Quaker Street.

James R. Gordon, now with the Common Council, was formerly with the American Express and the Near East Foundation in Greece and Turkey.

Kurt Werth is the illustrator.

‘ENEMY ALIENS’

ALAN CRANSTON

THERE are among us in the United States more than a million Axis citizens. A few are Gestapo agents, spies, and saboteurs; the vast majority will, if we go to war, without question be with America in the fight for freedom. But the handful of disloyal in this group of approximately 695,000 Italians, 315,000 Germans, and 90,000 Japanese must be dealt with swiftly and efficiently, for widespread sabotage could help win the war for the Axis.

Yet any indiscriminate mass action, any internment of refugees and anti-Nazis along with spies and saboteurs would turn a war between democracy and dictatorship into a war between nations. It would be a betrayal of American ideals and a strategic blunder. If we treat as friendly the Germans, Italians, and Japanese in the United States who are opposed to totalitarianism, they can do much to organize internal warfare against the dictators through their knowledge of their home countries and their friends there. If we treat them as enemies, however, we make those within the totalitarian lands who long for freedom fear any Pax Americana and we diminish the likelihood of democratic revolt against the dictators.

It is far more difficult now to distinguish foe from friend than it was in World War I, although declining immigration has cut the number of potential “enemy aliens” by 75 per cent. Nationality is no sure indication of loyalty in World War II. The man born and raised in the enemy land, carrying the enemy pass-

port, speaking only the enemy tongue, may be a loyal friend, while the native-born American may in some instances be a dangerous foe of truth and justice and freedom.

Thus far in World War II, Hitler's fifth column has largely been a native product of each conquered land—in Austria led by Seyss-Inquart, in Norway by Quisling. Within Holland, it is true, the Germans themselves spread terror and confusion when the Reichswehr attacked, wrecking trains, dynamiting bridges, cutting telephone wires, opening dikes; but the circumstances leading to this internal attack will certainly never be duplicated in England or the United States. Dutch appeasers had been duped into accepting a treaty with the Nazis whereby they could not refuse the admission of any German, and something like 300,000 “tourists” had poured into Holland shortly before the act of aggression—the vanguard of the army of invasion.

A few weeks later, the world was hysterically blaming the fall of France in part upon German emigrants and refugees. England hastily interned thousands. In the United States the Alien Registration Act was rushed through Congress. Actually, however, France betrayed the refugees; refugees did not betray France. The government had jailed all adult male Germans, with few exceptions, when war began in 1939—only to turn them over to the Nazis after betrayal had been accomplished by such native sons as Laval, Bonnet, and Flandin.

COMMON GROUND

British "enemy alien" policy—which it will be profitable for the United States to examine—has gone through three distinct stages. The first, running from the outbreak of war until the invasion of the Netherlands in the spring of 1940, was tempered and rational. When war was declared, all Germans and Austrians were summoned to Alien Tribunals and divided into three classes. Class A, composed of 600 suspected Nazis, was interned. Class B, 6,800 whose records justified neither internment nor complete liberty, was placed under restricted liberty. Class C, 64,200 genuine refugees and non-Nazis, was exempted from all restrictions except those applying to all foreigners. Simultaneously, several hundred British subjects and other aliens "whose activities had been noticed as undesirable" were interned. In this period no refugee was convicted of espionage or sabotage.

Three days after the Nazi invasion of Holland and Belgium, this careful procedure came to an abrupt end; 2,000 Class B and Class C Germans and Austrians in a belt along the Channel were rounded up and interned. Four days later, all males in Class B between the ages of 16 and 60 were interned, to be joined in ten days by the women of Class B. By the end of June 4,100 Italian men and women had been rounded up, and an order had been issued for the internment of all Class C men under 70, except in cases of "overwhelming arguments to the contrary."

Nazis and refugees from Nazis were crowded into the same prison camps. Men who had lived in England for twenty or thirty years were plucked from key positions in important industries and interned. Some were shipped off to Canada and Australia before their families knew what had become of them. Many German and Italian refugees who had spent years fighting dictatorship perished when the

deportation ship *Arandora Star* was torpedoed and sunk by a U-boat off the coast of Ireland. Two individual cases tell the story of internment in those dark days when the Nazi army was marching through France: H. W. Singer, prominent Jewish economist who had fled Germany and joined the staff of Manchester University, was interned in a camp full of avowed Nazis; a few days later the Ministry of Labor was trying to locate him to aid in a special survey of unemployment. A German chemist, once tortured in a Nazi concentration camp, had been working in London for a year on a process for utilizing sisal waste in submarines; he committed suicide when the British police came to arrest him.

Certain British politicians and publishers who once had admired and appeased the dictators were perhaps anxious to obscure the fact that Quislings and Laval had been the real fifth columnists: they led the cry for this mass internment of aliens. The policy was at once widely criticized, but no responsible official responded when an M.P. declared in Parliament, "It would be well for the Government to make a plain statement that they do not regard every alien as hostile and as an enemy." The London Times published a letter from nine correspondents of leading newspapers in four neutral countries who warned, "We deem it our duty to emphasize the damaging impression created abroad by the spirit and methods of the refugee internments. Millions of sympathizers with Britain's cause begin to doubt whether the British ideals of humanity and justice still prevail."

Mounting criticism finally led the Alien Tribunals to commence releasing those of proven loyalty who could serve the state in war work. Minister of Labor Bevin explained, "I am extremely short

"ENEMY ALIENS"

of skilled men at present, and in utilizing the skill and ability of a number of these men, I shall actually be putting Britishers to work." Invalids and people 65 or over were likewise slowly released, together with college students, well-known artists and intellectuals, and individuals who had resided in Britain for at least 20 years. As if contaminated by their recent exposure to the Nazi taint, however, few refugees were freed unless they belonged to these classes.

The resemblance this utilitarian release policy bore to Nazi theories of state was apparently unrealized by the British government until Herbert Morrison replaced Sir John Anderson as Home Secretary late in the summer of 1940. Then refugees, too, began to go free. On October 8, after a year in office, Morrison was able to say:

"There is among us today a degree of national unity as nearly absolute as anything human can be. There may be a tiny minority with special views, but it is not one per cent. I have let go most of our small band of Fascists and Mosleyites because they are no longer potential dangers to the country. We have only 697 British subjects interned, and of these 317 are of enemy origin. Of scores of thousands of aliens, only 9,700 are still detained. A democracy confident of its cause and of itself does not need to use a big stick at home."

The United States Department of Justice does not plan to use a big stick, if we go to war. There is no thought of any wholesale detention of all "enemy aliens," for the F.B.I. has been able to single out most of our internal enemies while we have remained at peace. Many of the Axis agents still at large are free only at the will of the F.B.I.; through a policy of spying upon spies, J. Edgar Hoover's men have detected the accom-

pllices and friends of agent after agent. Many Axis sympathizers have openly revealed themselves through membership in the Bund, the Black Shirts, the Japanese Military Servicemen's League, and similar groups.

We have already disposed of numerous enemies; some have been imprisoned, some deported, some simply requested to leave. We have convicted more German spies in the past year than through all of World War I. A number of foes, alien and citizen alike, have been put out of business by the McCormack Act requiring the registration of foreign agents and the Voorhis Act requiring the registration of foreign political organizations. Both acts, incidentally, are due to be strengthened through amendment in the near future.

Today we actually know more about the strangers in our midst than about ourselves. Alien Registration has supplied the Government with a dossier on each of the nation's 5,000,000 aliens, and each alien is required to notify the Department of Justice whenever he moves. Most of them passed the scrutiny of both the State Department and the Immigration and Naturalization Service before they could even enter the United States. Naturalized citizens, too, including the four or five million born in Axis lands, were investigated carefully before they were permitted to enter and again before they were granted citizenship. The rest of the nation's 130,000,000 people entered the country and acquired citizenship by the simple expedient of birth, and since then some have refused to give even the census taker any information about themselves.

We interned only 2,000 aliens for the duration of World War I after 6,000 were picked up and detained temporarily on warrants issued by the Attorney General; several thousand more were held overnight or for a day or two on suspicion.

COMMON GROUND

Undoubtedly more aliens will be detained during World War II if we enter it—perhaps 10 or 15,000.

R. Keith Kane, Assistant Chief of the Special Defense Unit of the Department of Justice, forcefully presented the arguments against wholesale internment at the National Conference of Social Work last summer in Atlantic City: "First, an all-inclusive program of detention would raise administrative and custodial problems of a magnitude that perhaps cannot be readily imagined . . . ; second, it would inevitably antagonize and embitter a large segment of the population who should at all costs be enlisted in our cause and not be permitted to drift to the opposition; and third, such a policy—proscribing enemy aliens as a group without regard to individual loyalties—would be repugnant to our most basic concepts of fair play and justice."

Those who have studied the history of counter-espionage and internment during World War I and thus far during World War II are in general agreement on certain principles which should be followed if there is to be maximum efficiency in prevention of espionage and sabotage and a minimum of confusion and injustice:

1. Aside from those convicted of hostile acts, only "enemy aliens" who are definitely suspected of disloyalty should be interned. Those picked up on suspicion should be brought before local tribunals for hearings as soon as possible after they are arrested, preferably within some definite time limit such as 90 days. At his hearing, the individual should be permitted to be represented by counsel or by anyone else he cares to designate, should be permitted to present evidence, and should have right of appeal through some such procedure as obtains under Selective Service.

2. The tribunals, which should be

under the direct supervision of the Department of Justice, should have the power to order the alien interned, to direct that he be set free under specified restrictions, or to declare him a friendly alien subject to no special regulations.

3. Provision should be made for voluntary internment of individuals and families, with easy access to the outside world, in cases where they wish it for their own protection.

4. Those who have committed no hostile act should not be treated as criminals. In cases where the tribunals rule they should be interned on suspicion, they should not be held in jails or prisons. They should be detained near where they live as much as possible. Immigration stations such as Ellis Island, and abandoned c.c.c. camps near centers of alien population might be used as places of detention.

5. The family of anyone picked up should be immediately notified of his whereabouts except in special cases where there are strong reasons for withholding such information.

6. Internees should be given opportunity to do useful work and should receive recompense. As much as possible, this work should be designed to equip them for employment upon release.

7. Internees should be allowed a liberal amount of time for recreation and cultural pursuits.

8. Provisions should be made for support of the internee's family (often composed of American citizens) in cases where they would otherwise become dependent on charitable organizations.

9. Provision should be made for welfare workers to assist at each tribunal and detention place.

Alan Cranston contributes frequent articles to these pages on the Washington situation.

• Schools and Teachers •

SCHOOL THAT IS "MORE TOGETHER"

FRANK EAKIN

As week-day religious instruction of American children on public-school time becomes the vogue in many communities, misgivings are widely expressed. And not without reason. Religious teaching can be, often has been divisive. But it is not inherently so. It can have quite the opposite purpose and influence, as is the case with the interdenominational week-day church school at Madison, New Jersey, sponsored jointly by the religious education department of Drew University, a Methodist institution, and the Protestant churches of the town.

When the danger of church schools breeding intolerance is mentioned, members of the Madison school staff like to tell the story of Jenny and the time she forgot to be scared.

It was a fourth-grade group. The children were talking about what they had seen in different churches. One told of the local Presbyterian church; another of the baptismal service in a Baptist church where she had been greatly impressed by the immersion ceremony.

What about the Catholic church? the teacher asked. How many had visited it? None. Silence was the only answer to the suggestion that they plan to visit it—shocked silence, it seemed.

"My father wouldn't let me," one youngster said when he found his voice.

"They wouldn't let us in."

"My mother would warm me if she knew I ever went there."

"Why, I'd be scared!" This from

Jenny, wide-eyed, as if the very idea frightened her.

A few weeks later, parental opposition having been overcome and some advance enlightenment gained about Catholicism and its ways, the children and their teacher visited the Catholic church by appointment. Father Scully, with whom arrangements had been made, met them at the entrance, and they followed him down the aisle to the beautiful altar, Jenny at the rear of the procession, gripping the teacher's arm.

Father Scully seated them in front pews and explained what they could see of the church interior from that vantage point, then took them on a general tour. Simply, quietly, with patience and courtesy and no hint of condescension he told them about each of the many things strange to them. They saw the priest's splendid robes, the rich vessels and the host used in the celebration of the Mass. Standing before the opened confessional booth they heard the how and why of confessions, the Catholic custom which seems so sinister to many Protestants.

It was near the end of the tour that the teacher saw Jenny, eager for an explanation of something she had seen, touching Father Scully's arm. He stooped down. She whispered her question in his ear. The answer must have been satisfactory. At any rate it was not her teacher's arm but Father Scully's Jenny held as the group walked out of the church.

COMMON GROUND

The reader who sees in this story an instance of clever Catholic conversionism, with the Protestant teacher and pupils as dupes, may be reassured by Joe's reaction.

Joe's group of fourth-graders visited the same Catholic church the year after Jenny's. And as usual they talked things over when they met again.

"You've told what you saw," their teacher said. "Now I'd like to know what you thought."

"I thought a plenty," said Joe.

"Good. Let's have it. What did you think?"

"I wouldn't dare tell you."

"Why not?"

"You'd think I was cuckoo."

He was assured nothing he might say would be so interpreted.

"All right, I'll tell you. But remember you asked for it."

"I'll remember."

"Well," he plunged, "I think Father Scully said things about the Catholics that ain't so. He said they don't fight. And they do. They all fight. Every one of them. Who knows? I do. Who has to go by St. Thomas' School on the way home every day? You don't. I do. What happens? Who comes out and sticks his fist up under my nose and says, 'Want to fight?' Catholics!"

The discussion continued warmly along this new line. Joe's sweeping criticism—or tribute—did not go unchallenged.

"You know Bud and Jerry and Tony," another boy said. "They're Catholics and they don't fight. And you know Jack and Fred and Shorty and they're not Catholics and they do fight."

"Yeah," Joe admitted grudgingly. "But by and large—by and large—" he repeated, "more Catholics than Protestants fight."

Visits to synagogues in other towns—likewise a regular feature of each year's

work—never fail to make a deep impression on the children and on parents who sometimes accompany them. When possible, visits coincide with synagogue ceremonies connected with the confirmation of Jewish boys or girls. Negro churches too are visited.

Long-distance contacts are also profitably made with the aid of books, pictures, speakers, correspondence, exchange of gifts.

Mrs. Horace Barker, wife of a Drew student, knows the Southern mountains and has a Southern drawl the fourth- and fifth-graders love to hear. "Tell us more," they begged, when she had talked to them of Mary and Tom.

So she told them more. She told them, for one thing, that there were no five and ten cent stores where Mary and Tom lived, probably because in those hills even nickels and dimes were hard to get and had to be spent for the barest necessities. Out of this grew a project for sending Mary a matched set of clean-up things—wash cloth, towel, soap, toothbrush, toothpaste, comb—and Tom a set of pencils, notebooks, and other things needed for school. Then it occurred to one girl in the group that there must be many other Marys and Toms. "Couldn't we make a lot of clean-up kits and a lot of school boxes?" They could and did. Forty gift packages, twenty for boys and twenty for girls, were made up and sent.

When the "Tell us more" persisted, Mrs. Barker had another suggestion. "Write to Mary and Tom and ask them to tell you more." Thus began a revealing correspondence. One of the great needs of the mountain country, they found, was books. There was no library, even in the consolidated school which four hundred children attended. So the Madison children began collecting and sending books—some two hundred in all. The

SCHOOL THAT IS "MORE TOGETHER"

minister's wife in the mountain community received them, received other books from other friends, and started a library in her living room with an astonishing circulation. Later these became the nucleus of a public school library.

An exchange of school work was started—posters, drawings, etc. The children discovered that the mountain people, young and old, did beautiful work with their hands. "Let's have a fair and sell their things for them!" It took planning, time, work. But they had their fair and sales were moderately good.

Among the letters received was that of a girl named Jenivee, who wrote: "The first thing I do of a morning, I build a fire in the fireplace out of wood. Then I carry fire from the fireplace to the cookstove to get a fire started in it. Then I fill up a kettle with water so as to have hot water to use about cooking and washing dishes. Then while the stove is getting hot I go to the barn, climb up into the barn loft and throw down hay or fodder for the cows and horses breakfast. I go to the corn bin to get grain for the horses, cows and pigs breakfast. While the cows are eating their grain I milk them. Then I feed the pigs and give them milk or water to drink. We eat our breakfast after the feeding and milking is done, which is around 6:30 a.m. First thing after breakfast we turn out the cows and drive them to the pasture, a place where they can get water and graze or eat grass during the day. Next feed the chickens and water the horses. We are just now ready for our day's work."

Children and teachers alike were impressed.

"You know we don't learn as much here as we do in public school," a discerning fifth-grade girl remarked one day to Mildred Moody Eakin, the school's director.

"Of course you don't," she answered. "In public school you have five hours a day for five days in the week. Here you have only an hour and a half one day each week."

"I know. But I mean we don't learn as much in one hour's time here as we do there." The youngster was silent for a moment. "But it's more together," she added.

Members of the school staff hope that this is true. "Togetherness," more than "learning," is what they are aiming at. The director and her assistants—mostly young men and women graduate students at Drew—try to bring together loose ends of experiences and ideas the children already have from home, school, and the larger world, and supplement and focus them on what tends to make life better, what worse. The values they have in view are largely interpretive and unifying. They believe that good technique in religious education calls for little time spent in committing the Bible's great precepts to memory, much time in trying to implement them, make them mean something to youngsters in terms of life as they know it.

The implementing is done in close cooperation with the public schools, as well as with the homes, and requires much patience. Results are often slow in revealing themselves.

There was, for instance, the case of Alfreda, fifth-grade Negro girl with a high IQ, one of three Negroes in her room at public school. All three, it happened, were good swimmers, and when the athletic director announced a swimming contest they were thrilled. The teacher had a hard job on her hands when she had to tell Alfreda that the pool where the contest would be held, not on school property, was closed to colored people. . . .

A national holiday came soon afterward, and as part of their celebration the

fifth-graders were to recite in unison a poem about the land of the free. Alfreda refused to participate. For her people, she said, America was not a land of the free.

Together, public school teacher and church school supervisor planned and worked on her case. They couldn't change the situation. They wouldn't try to change Alfreda's conviction that it was grossly unfair. But some things they could and did do.

When a white child in Alfreda's room at public school had a birthday party, for instance, and all in the room except the colored children were invited, the teacher declined the invitation. When she explained her reason, the girl's mother consented to have the party at school instead of at home and to have the colored children included. In church school Alfreda was encouraged to learn about George Washington Carver, great Negro scientist, about Augusta Savage, famed Negro sculptor, about others of her race who, in spite of unfair discrimination, made themselves a place in the American tradition, found meaning in the American dream. Alfreda became less rebellious. In later life she will not take injustice lying down. She is not like that. But she will probably view it more thoughtfully than she would have otherwise done and avoid the wasted energy and embittered spirit which futile protest yields.

The school, created and kept going through the initiative of Dr. J. V. Thompson, head of Drew's religious education department, has a history extending back a dozen years or more. The present type of curriculum and program, however, was inaugurated only four years ago, when attendance was nearing zero and the demise of the enterprise seemed imminent.

Enrolled last year were 165 pupils, more than 95 per cent of the public

school enrollment from Protestant families in the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades, those provided for in the week-day church school setup. The Catholic church maintains its own week-day classes for public school pupils. There are few Jews in Madison and no separate provision is made for them. One little girl from a local Jewish home attends the Protestant school and flabbergasts the other children with her knowledge of the teachings and practices of her religion.

Attendance is practically 100 per cent of enrollment, except for absences excused on the same grounds as at public school. On the whole, pupil interest is well maintained and parent support increasingly good.

The effort is made, not always with complete success, to provide one head teacher and two assistants for each twenty to twenty-five pupils. All teachers have college degrees or their equivalent. Coming from many states and some foreign countries they bring to their work a wide range of experience and interest. Last year the staff included two Chinese, one Negro, one Latin American.

The status of the school as a sort of religious education laboratory has contributed much strength to it. At the same time the close Drew connection has perhaps stood in the way of its complete adoption by the local churches and the community. Though classes are held in the educational wings of local church buildings and local ministers are sympathetic and helpful, church sponsorship might be more meaningful than it is.

Some communities would naturally find it difficult to avail themselves of the educational leadership needed for an enterprise such as that at Madison. Many cities and towns, however, could recruit the needed staff in one way or another if there was a deep enough conviction

SCHOOL THAT IS "MORE TOGETHER"

that religion's ideals must be got across, and in some other way than by rote instruction.

The Madison school simply shows progressive educational principles and methods applied to the teaching of non-sectarian religion as a way of life. An

obvious thing to do, one might think, yet one that has been little tried.

Dr. Frank Eakin is a frequent contributor to religious and educational publications.

BUILDERS TOGETHER

E. LOUISE NOYES

BUILDERS TOGETHER is a human relations course in Santa Barbara High School, first offered in the fall of 1936 as an alternative to the conventional tenth-year English course. It is an adventure in international friendship, an effort to give the high school students of the city an understanding of the racial and national elements that compose their community—Scandinavians, Italians, Spanish, Mexicans, Chinese, Japanese, Greeks, British, and many others.

Students like the course; its material is the actual life around them. A school nationality census, assignments to write their autobiographies and chart their family trees keep it close to their interests. Round table and panel discussions find ready response: "There are said to be five main ways in which immigrants have contributed to American culture: manual work, old customs, the fine arts, science and invention, and journalism. Who are some of the leaders in these fields and what have they contributed? In what other ways have immigrants contributed to our culture?" Or "Why did your ancestors leave their homeland? Why did they choose America rather than some other country? What agencies and people here helped them think of this country as the land of their dreams? What disillusionments did they meet?"

Class excursions unearth much treasure. The Roman Catholic Church in the suburb of Montecito is a replica of a Mexican church; several gardens are typically Italian; one estate is Italian in both architecture and landscaping; the chapel in the city cemetery is decorated with murals by Martinez, a modern Mexican artist. A visit to the Doll Festival held early in March by the "Japanese" colony opens a whole new world. Italian sweets, Greek pastries, and Scandinavian cookies made for the classes by various mothers; *kaltbord* at a Danish restaurant filled with Scandinavian banners, Viking ship models, and warriors' shields; Spanish food at El Paseo, world-famous restaurant—all these take students far from the realm of everyday and help them realize that good cooking is not the perquisite of America alone.

Class parties help understanding and solidarity. Mexican fiestas, Italian picnics, and a Scandinavian Yule celebration with tree, games, dances, music, and food offer both gayety and widened friendships.

Students find interested people to talk to them of the countries in which they once lived or worked: a missionary from Japan, Santa Barbara's best-known dealer in Chinese art, a doctor who did graduate work in a Swedish hospital, a Norwegian housewife, a Mexican classmate, teachers

COMMON GROUND

who spent recent vacations in foreign countries, an Italian lacemaker. . . .

Three-day exhibits in the public library display treasures brought from Old-World homelands and feature their arts.

For five years now, increasing numbers of students have asked for "that course called Builders Together." From the one hundred twenty who began the work that first autumn, enrollment has grown until altogether more than one thousand students have taken the course. Still more would have enrolled if teachers and material had been available. The course has never been compulsory; conventional Eng-

lish classes have also been offered. Continuing testimony from students, teachers, parents, and other townspeople is proof that Builders Together has accomplished at least in small measure what those who started it hoped for: understanding of the peoples who make America: the building of "a creative Americanism that shall be satisfied with nothing but the best for every American, whether he be American by birth or by choice."

E. Louise Noyes of Santa Barbara High School planned the basic work of the Builders Together course.

NOTES

ANNOUNCEMENT of COMMON GROUND's contest for high school and college students with \$100 in prizes is here repeated. Deadline for entries is February 15, 1941. For rules consult the Autumn 1941 issue, or send to the editorial offices for printed copies.

"Yet to be told is one of the greatest stories under the sun—the coming and meeting in America of people from all ends of the earth.

"You are a part of it. So is the kid next door, the Irish cop on the corner, the refugee scientist in his lab, the guy down the block who eats pastrami, the young Negro American called by the draft last week, people with names like Knudsen, Zambloaskas, Di Santo, Whitney, Einstein, Harmon, Di Maggio. Newcomer and old-stock, springing from all the countries, races, and religions in the world and combining with what is already here into that 'something' we call America.

"What is it to be an American? Your kind of an American? Do you eat goulash, apple strudel, chow mein, or just plain beef stew? Do you dance the polka, csar-

das, or jitterbug to swing? Does that make you less American? Or more? Does your background stem back to the colonists or to more recent immigrants? What is there to indicate this in your home? In your community? What does all this variety of background mean to the nation as a whole? To you—an American?

"This 'something' that is America is a big story, exciting, colorful. We suggest it here. You tell it. In any way you feel you can best express it—story, essay, poem. Or make up your own frame for it."

Teachers will find extremely useful the 43-page booklet, *Foreign Festival Customs*, compiled by Marian Schibbsby, Associate Director of the Common Council. Specific and stimulating, it brings together material on Christmas, Easter, and Thanksgiving customs in the Old World, and should prove invaluable for class use or program planning in groups exploring "nationality" backgrounds and culture. Available from the editorial offices at 50 cents a copy.

• From the Immigrant Press •

CAPTAIN IRGENS

An editorial from the February 7, 1941, *Decorah - Posten*, Norwegian - language newspaper published in Decorah, Iowa: Kristian Prestgard, editor.

Captain Kjeld Stub Irgens, who for more than a quarter of a century piloted the ships of the Norwegian America Line—the *Bergensfjord*, the *Stavangerfjord*, the *Oslofjord*—has now been made a member of the so-called Quisling government in Norway.

Shortly before Christmas Mr. Irgens delivered an address over the Oslo radio in a series called “To our kin throughout the world.” We present passages from this address as reported by *Aftenposten*:

“During the many years of my activity as a captain it was no small stream of emigrants I conducted out into the world. Many a time I thought what a depressing sight it was—to watch so much of our best youth leave the country to give its strength and make its contribution to other nations. Fortunately I have also seen many return to their homes on Norway’s soil. . . .

“Just now our country may be compared to a ship in a terrific storm. Those on deck must endure many a dousing. It is on the bridge that the storm strikes hardest. But as long as the ship is in peril, one must have absolute confidence in those who guide it.”

This speech was addressed particularly to the emigrants in America. It is the last paragraph which is our chief concern here:

“Our first task now must be to save that Norway which lives in the memories of our childhood, in the work of our

youth and our manhood—and in our dreams of the future.”

This is as true and as lovely as it can be. That is indeed the first task. But the strange and inexplicable part of it all is that the Captain’s words are in the most flagrant disharmony with his actions since last summer. No one, whether it be Captain Irgens or any other human being, can help to “save the Norway that lives in the memories of our childhood and the work of our youth” by joining the Quislings and helping them do the exact opposite: overthrow and refashion all that the Norwegian people has built and created for itself through many peaceful generations—the very thing that makes Norway loom so large in the memories of those who have left it.

Aside from the peaks and the valleys and the fjords, there is not much left today of the Norway that lives in the memories of the emigrants, and it is the Terbovens and the Quislings who have made it unrecognizable for us in a few months—and Mr. Irgens has himself stooped to be their errand-boy in this noble task. It is quite incomprehensible to the emigrant that a man can express a program for Norway’s reconstruction so truly and so beautifully and yet at the same time assist at making Norway unrecognizable for all of Norwegian descent, whether they live away or at home. We cannot fathom how a man can run both north and south at the same time and on both sides of the fence at that. Is this perhaps Hitler’s new World Order?

It is true: Captain Irgens has guided many Norwegians across the sea. Mostly

westward—people who wanted to find a home in the New World. But many eastward, also—people who after a struggle of years could grant themselves the luxury of seeing their old home valley once again.

All of these traveling folk have good memories of the Captain—not just for his skill as a seaman but also for his kindness and his graciousness. But scarcely one of them will accompany him on the vessel he has now boarded. From being

the top man of the bridge of the *Stavangerfjord* to being temporarily a little first mate on Quisling's yacht—that is a long, long step down, and all of us who belong to his "kin throughout the world," we think of it with sorrow.

It is not the Norway that is being "saved" in the wondrous manner of the Quislings which lives in the hearts of the emigrants and which they feel the urge some day to go back and see.

THE FIRST CASUALTY LIST

This editorial, in German and English, appeared in parallel columns in the October 24th issue of the Aufbau, a German-language weekly published in New York City: Manfred George, editor.

The Navy Department has published its first list of casualties, suffered when a German U-boat attacked the U.S. destroyer Kearny.

It is the first time that an American warship has encountered the Nazi enemy, the first time the American people have had to mourn the loss of some of their sons.

What are their names? Dobnikar, Lafleur, Young, Camp, Stoltz, Samuel Kurtz, Frontakowski, Larriviere, Pyle, Wade, Curtis, Calvert, Gajeway. This list represents a cross-section of the American people. It contains English, French, Slovenian, Polish, Czech, Jewish, and Ger-

man names—European at one time, but American now and always, united under the all embracing star-spangled banner.

Such is the Navy, the Army and the whole land. The vicious torpedo of the Nazi U-boat wounded all sections of our American population.

"In view of its mixed population, nothing will be easier than to start a revolution in the United States," Hitler boasts in *Mein Kampf*. He shall not live to see the realization of this point of his program. Each new attack by his pirates will only show to him that this nation is firmly resolved to uphold its ideals and the memory of its beloved dead of then and now.

The torpedo attack on the Kearny will mark the beginning of the strongest front which Hitler has had to encounter as yet—it will contribute to his ultimate defeat.

• Organizations and Their Work •

INTERRACIAL FELLOWSHIP

A MOVEMENT to make justice and goodwill operate in racial attitudes and contacts has for 20 years been part of the work of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America through its Race Relations Department, of which George E. Haynes is executive secretary (297 Fourth Avenue, New York City).

The first of its projects, observance of Race Relations Sunday, began in 1922. Since then, it has brought together thousands of men, women, and children in various church organizations on a friendly basis for worship, study, and discussion, and has helped overcome the effects of earlier unpleasant experiences which had in some cases aroused hostilities and racial conflicts. Through the increasing exchange of pulpits between white and Negro ministers, through interracial choir festivals, fellowship meetings, ministerial get-togethers, and fireside forums, Race Relations Sunday expanded first into Interracial Week and, last February, into Interracial Brotherhood Month. Plans are now under way to stimulate a year-round program in 1942, the Department's 20th anniversary.

Another project, carried on with the help of the Home Missions Council, is the placing of well-trained, experienced Negro leaders as religious extension workers in the share-cropper and tenant areas of the cotton states. They visit rural and

small-town communities to help church members and pastors improve church property and enrich their programs with music, young people's meetings, Sunday Schools, and daily vacation Bible schools. They hold interdenominational seminars for the ministers, to bring in new ideas and wider information. Agricultural extension agents are also encouraged to attend church conferences and conventions, to discuss farming, home-making, health, and aids available through Governmental agencies.

In other sections, study-action groups on methods and techniques of consumers co-operation have been formed to provide common interests for whites and Negroes, and credit unions have been set up.

The Department has been working with other organizations to remove and prevent discrimination against Negroes in national defense industries and in the training opportunities for such employment. Its program also includes, among many other specific projects, education through denominational channels against anti-Semitism, agitation for a Federal anti-lynching bill, and work toward breaking down the color bar against Negro nurses, internes, and doctors in hospitals. It publishes the Interracial News Service, which summarizes activity in this field in America and other parts of the world.

THE Catholic Interracial Council in New York City tries to incorporate interracial justice into every phase of the general social program of the Church, through college and student activity, religious ob-

servances of a communal character, labor movements, publications, rural programs, and so on.

Toward this end, it carries on a program of education and discussion, con-

COMMON GROUND

ducting the DePorres Interracial Centre (20 Vesey Street) where it maintains a working library, publishes the monthly Interracial Review, arranges a constant series of conferences and panel hearings chiefly on matters touching on Negro-white relationships in the United States or sociological problems of the Negro groups in and around New York City, and

holds a series of social gatherings, such as the bi-monthly breakfast at which various groups meet informally. Lately the Council has concentrated upon the problem of the attitudes of employers toward qualified Negro youth.

Similar interracial activities have sprung up all over the country, in large part as a result of the work in New York.

UNITED WE SING

COMMON GROUND readers are invited to Pittsburgh on Sunday afternoon, December 21, to the Fifth Annual Program of Christmas Carols at Carnegie Music Hall from 4:00 to 5:00, by twenty choirs and choruses from all parts of Allegheny County—Americans now, but representing different Old-World cultural traditions. Guests should arrive an hour or more before the program starts, to experience the color and stir of anticipation the various groups bring with them.

First perhaps will come the "Poles" in the bright red and white costumes of their Falcon order; then the "Greeks" in black vestments relieved by great white crosses. The "Serbian" women wear Nile-green taffeta gowns. Following them come a couple of boys' choirs, one "Italian," one "Slovak," in white blouses with scarlet bow-ties. The "Bulgarians" and "Carpatho-Russians" appear in peasant dress.

Before the concert goes on the air (wsw), the Chairman, Mrs. Samuel Ely Eliot, introduces the singing groups to each other. Through the alphabetical call from "Bohemian" to "Ukrainian," choir after choir rises—the audience, too, for it is listed as participating in the program.

The concert begins with the audience and all choirs joining in the *Adeste Fideles*. Then each group sings its distinctive

Christmas carol. There is variety, contrast, freshness. At the half-way point, audience and singers join in a traditional English carol; and at the end of the program, *O Holy Night*, by Adam, is given by combined choirs with the audience joining in the refrains.

The twenty choirs in the Sing derive from the sprawling industrial area around Pittsburgh.

Four years ago the International Institute, then a branch of the Y.W.C.A., searching for another means of bringing about unity and interchange among the so-called "nationality" groups of the region, hit upon the idea of the exchange Sing. Each group had its own Christmas songs: would they enjoy sharing them? Inquiry revealed favorable reaction. Mrs. Samuel Ely Eliot became chairman of the committee in charge. The Carnegie Institute Management granted the use of the Music Hall, and Dr. Marshall Bidwell incorporated the program into his regular Sunday Free Organ Recital hour there. Mrs. Eliot and Dr. Bidwell made many excursions up and down the valleys of the area attending rehearsals of individual choirs in lodge halls, priests' offices, and church basements. Consequently a fine rapport grew up between the groups and the directors of the enterprise.

The third year of the Sing, the I. I.

inaugurated a social hour after the concert, at their headquarters. Last year the Tuesday Musical Club was host at a similar get-together, in line with the program

of the National Federation of Music Clubs for fostering "Unity Through Music."

Plans are under way to secure a national radio hook-up for this year's program.

CITIZENS IN THE MAKING

FRANK CASPER

FOUR times each week citizenship classes meet in the comfortable library of Hiram House, 3054 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland. Similar work is carried on by thousands of organizations throughout the country. The teacher emphasizes an answer with a homely illustration in the pupil's own language, a feat indeed, since so many nationalities are represented: "Dec-la-ration, Joe! *Declaration* of Independence, not decoration. Decoration is this." His fingers grip his coat lapel and a voluble explanation in Italian pours forth until Joe nods, satisfied.

Most of the middle-aged immigrants have had no formal education in their native lands. However, at the rate of six or eight words an evening, a reading vocabulary in their own tongue is built up. The next step involves transfer to a class in English, where the words come quickly: it is not a long step from the Italian *natura* to the English *natural*.

Slowly, painfully, the way to American citizenship is paved, for the ability to comprehend and speak English is essential to a satisfactory grasp of the information on which the naturalization examination is based.

Hiram House instituted the first citizenship class in Cleveland in 1896. Today, as a result of Alien Registration and the impetus toward citizenship generated by the War, classes are bigger than ever, with over 700 active cases listed. Rushed as it is, the Adult Department of the Settlement House does not consider its job finished when final papers

have been granted. Americanization is carried on in the Lincoln Citizenship Club, where over 375 members continue to learn what it is to be an American.

How do they regard their newly-acquired citizenship?

Tony S. had worked continuously in a macaroni factory for nearly 30 years. He had passed his naturalization examination, but there was one fly in his ointment: his 28-year-old son had become a citizen first. What could he do to regain his rightful paternal superiority? He would show his son what manner of citizen he, the father, had become: he would learn the Constitution by heart. And he did.

To obtain "derivative citizenship," Rosario M. had to present evidence that his father had become a citizen. He arrived at Hiram House with his father, who carried a package carefully and plentifully wrapped. "Here," said Rosario, "here is the certificate." He turned to his father, eagerly grabbing at the parcel. A burst of Italian poured forth. Then, in broken English, the father said, "No, don't touch it. Nobody must touch that but me." Rosario Senior then laid the package on the desk, opened it, and proudly produced his framed certificate.

Joe T.'s reaction is a little different. Thumbs hooked in the armhole of his vest, he proclaims to all who will listen: "Now I say what I think. I my own boss. I United States citizen."

Frank Casper is director of adult education at Hiram House.

. The Bookshelf .

CONDUCTED BY HENRY C. TRACY

AMERICA AND AMERICANS IN THE MAKING

FIRST PAPERS. By Martin Gumpert. With a Preface by Thomas Mann. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 310 pp. \$2.75

Martin Gumpert's five years of adjustment in America have been also years of impression and reflection. A medical expert, his observations are backed by a trained mind and a saturation of Old-World culture and are singularly acute. This is therefore the account not only of one man's pains and pleasures from the date of enforced departure from Berlin and through first papers to final citizenship, but the common experience of thousands of newcomers, winnowed, made articulate. *First Papers* is an informal but accurate description of the metamorphosis of a human being forced to assume new protective coverings and undergo internal mental and emotional change. "America and Europe represent different states of historical existence," Dr. Gumpert says. "The transformation of a European into an American is a harsh experience in the 20th century. . . . Can we surrender ourselves in this way? What happens to us?"

Here, then, is the account of a great social and psychic experiment, fateful not only for the persons involved but for the country of their adoption. If their attitude is like that of this spokesman, the country has much to gain from the transaction. What impresses us most is Martin Gumpert's feeling of responsibility toward this experiment. If it is to succeed, he must understand America and Americans. Indifference would be culpable, hostility

senseless. But having understood, he must speak, for he finds us all involved in a moral struggle that might result in disaster not only to the Europe he has left behind but to this refuge from that turmoil. He knows the poison of the European upheaval, its sinister modes of infection, and aligns himself with the moral order and government by the people.

Dr. Gumpert writes easily and engagingly. His view is fresh and reassuring, his analysis fine, and his faith in our common adventure—America in the making—bedded deep.

Under the title *I Am an American* (Alliance. \$1.50), 26 representative Americans by adoption give their credos as to what each believes American citizenship means. Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein, Dr. Anton Lang, Peter Yolles, Igor Sikorsky, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, Judge Pecora, Attilia Picirilla, Luise Rainer, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka and others are among the contributors.

In *The Ground We Stand On* (Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50) John Dos Passos searches for the roots of our American faith and system, on the stability of which the fate of the free peoples of the world seems now to hang. He finds a champion in Roger Williams, who staked everything on the issue of liberty of conscience, an issue still in doubt three centuries ago when the Massachusetts colonists, leaving England to find freedom of faith, began themselves to deny it to newcomers. Williams appears as a magnetic char-

acter, a fearless and effective defender of human liberties, not only religious but civil. Sam Adams, teaching the mobs the meaning of liberty, young Franklin, Jefferson, Joel Barlow, and a host of other characters throng the pages with the color and intensity of the first great world-revolution of the lower middle classes. For sound analysis, rich and colorful detail, fine perspective, readability and even humor, this work will add to the luster won by Dos Passos as a novelist.

Two compact handbooks present a reasoned account of the faith of our fathers rather than an historic or dramatic one: *What Is Democracy?* by Charles E. Merriam and *Democracy in American Life* by Avery Craven. Both are Walgreen Foundation Lectures (Chicago University Press. \$1 each). Those who prefer the drama and passion of the early American struggle will find it in Paul Green's *The Highland Call* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina. \$2.50), a symphonic play which presents the split of the Whig and Tory factions of North Carolina. Included is "The Highland Call Song-book," folk tunes gathered by the author after years of research.

Margaret Leech's *Reveille in Washington* (Harpers. \$3.50) is quite another sort of book. When the battle front of the Civil War was close enough so that people could approach it "by taking the North Seventh Street cars . . . the President had no concern for his personal safety. . . . A surgeon was killed within three feet of Lincoln . . . he remained after the general had ordered him to withdraw. It was left for his young aide Lieutenant Colonel Oliver Wendell Holmes to shout at his Chief Executive, 'Get down, you fool!'" This is Washington, D.C. in 1864, and straight history, done in the smashing realism that stamps the entire book. It is a fit companion to Carl Sandburg's *Lincoln*.

Two biographies of Whitman are featured in the fall lists. Prepared for children, *Walt Whitman* by Babette Deutsch (Julian Messner. \$2.50) received the \$2,000 award of the Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation. A stimulating portrait, it also makes available a selection of Whitman's poems for classroom reading.

American Giant: Walt Whitman and His Times by Frances Winwar (Harpers. \$3.50) is a mature study of the poet. Based upon exhaustive research, it is revealing of many of the controversial aspects of his life.

Carl Sandburg by Karl Detzer (Harcourt, Brace. \$2) shows us today's counterpart of Whitman, an Illinois American of Swedish stock, with a tough background, a record list of jobs worked at and trades learned, a burning zeal for social justice and individual liberty, a true lyric gift and a dream fulfilled—the monumental life of Lincoln.

Anton Dvořák by Paul Stefan (Grey-stone. \$3) is the first biography to appear in this country of the Czech composer who had a deep influence on American music. It describes his background and development, his New-World experiences, and the state of music in America at the time of his visit.

In *Tar Heels* (Dodd, Mead. \$3), a work of the highest excellence, Jonathan Daniels presents the people of his native State, North Carolina: their origins, stocks, folkways, expansion, relation to their land, social and economic set-up. America began here in 1587 with Raleigh's colony. Settlers drifted in, "plain, strong people of strong, plain stocks." Dutch, Polish, Russian, Moravian, Italian—they brought fresh land-lore and improved all they touched. Negroes had what the whites lacked. A frank book, humane, hopeful.

Emigrés in the Wilderness by T. Wood Clarke (Macmillan. \$3) describes the

attempts at colonization at the time of the French Revolution by exiled titled folk who founded Azilum (Asylum) and built a "Queen's House" for Marie Antoinette, who did not live to occupy it. Fine folk in log cabins, a lost Dauphin, Napoleon's brother as an American country gentleman and his romance with a Quaker girl—these make a romantic interlude in United States history.

Among other regional items we recommend *Shake Hands With the Dragon* by

Carl Glick (Whittlesey. \$2.75) as a witty manual for understanding and appreciating the Chinese in America; *No Life for a Lady* by Agnes Morley Cleaveland (Houghton Mifflin. \$3), the story of a pioneer family in cowboy times in New Mexico; *From My Highest Hill* by Olive Dargan (Lippincott. \$3.50), which tells of life and neighbors in the Carolina mountain country; and *Northwest Gateway* by Archie Binns (Doubleday, Doran. \$3), the story of the Port of Seattle.

REBIRTH IN AMERICA

Two recent novels deal with newcomers and their struggle to throw off the grip of the old life and take on the new. In *Not Without Honor* by Vivian Parsons (Dodd, Mead. \$2.50), Joe La Tendresse, French Canadian immigrant to Michigan, finds himself confronted by an implacable foe of change and progress in Madame Demarais, whose grip on the colony of her countrymen cannot be broken save by a determination as great as her own and a faith equal to martyrdom. Joe has both, and wins. Intensely dramatic, this is a tale of struggle for spiritual freedom and for the union of two different peoples—French and Italian—into one harmonious way of life.

Newton G. Thomas in *The Long Winter Ends* (Macmillan. \$2.75) gives us a Cornish immigrant's first year in the Michigan mines. Jim Holman breaks through the shell of his early upbringing to the freedom that can come with spiritual rebirth in a new land. Cornish-born, Dr. Thomas has been a miner and writes with deep understanding of a young worker's life. This book is a tribute to the integrity of the men Cornwall sends to our shores.

Two other novels, both outstanding, deal with the Negro in a world he finds difficult. In *Blood on the Forge* by William Attaway (Doubleday, Doran. \$2) Mat, the big Kentucky sharecropper, finds it tragic. The steel towns to which he flees offer him change but no relief. His sensitive brother, Melody, slicks life's buffetings off on his guitar. Chinatown, third brother, laughs. There is poetry in the telling, and misery and violence. *Mr. George's Joint* by Elizabeth Lee Wheaton (Dutton. \$2.50) wins the Thomas Jefferson Southern Award for 1941. Without psychoses, with no sense of guilt or remorse, its hero "Mr. George" pursues his way with cheerful optimism. Irresponsible as a child, he collides with the "Laws," steps out with any likely girl, wrecks his beer and soft-drink business, and—at a hint from the Chief—leaves town with malice toward none and a stout heart for the next adventure. The dialogue is one of the most engaging features of the book.

In *Bird of the Wilderness* (Random House. \$2.50) Vincent Sheean writes a novel dealing with conflicting loyalties. The setting is a Mid-West small town,

THE BOOKSHELF

its hero a sensitive boy of half-German parentage, groping for a mind-home and a character. Laurie Havron, a new author, has a similar theme in *Hurricane Hush* (Greystone. \$2.50), a sensitive romance of the Florida pinelands where a girl's dreams conflict with the existing social (Old South, conservative) order.

In Howard Fast's *The Last Frontier* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$2.50) Cheyenne Indians try to regain their lost freedom in an epic flight that ranks with Xenophon's march of the Ten Thousand. A tragic, inspiring tale of heroism, based on historic fact.

Lance by Edward F. Haskell (John Day. \$2.50) has been tagged a "thesis novel," since it deals with the problem of solving human conflicts by re-stating national and racial issues in terms of personal relations. Haskell finds his clue in the "multicultural" individual—a type

emerging in all lands—who as things are has no country and is an alien wherever he goes, but will find his home everywhere once men's thoughts are clarified. Scene of this novel—the Balkans.

The Big Snow by Jake Falstaff (Houghton Mifflin. \$2) is a delightful Christmas gift book. The Nadelis, Swiss and Schwa-bian immigrants, entertain their American-born grandson at their Ohio farm. With the flavor of *Jacoby's Corners*.

Also of regional interest are *Boot-Heel Doctor* by Fannie Cook (Dodd, Mead. \$2.50)—Missouri sharecroppers; *The Harvest Waits* by Lorene Pearson (Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50)—Mormon immigrants in early Utah; *County Seat* by Paul Corey (Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50)—life in an Iowa community; and *The Great Big Doorstep* by E. P. O'Donnell (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50)—family lore in the Mississippi Delta.

THE NEW WORLD NEIGHBORS

One can acquire a comprehensive library of books on Latin America, all from a 1941 imprint. Noted below are some from the fall lists. Good supplementary texts were cited in our last issue.

In characteristic style, the author of *Inside Europe* and *Inside Asia* reports on another continent. John Gunther's *Inside Latin America* (Harpers. \$3.50) covers with a wealth of vivid detail the story and background of each of the Latin American countries, its outstanding personalities and local color. A richly-packed book; highly recommended.

Latin America by William L. Schurz (Dutton. \$3.75) is a survey of all the countries, their people, economics, international relations, and their history and

social organization. A study based on thirty years of experience and travel.

Brazil by Stefan Zweig (Viking. \$2) bears directly on the great problem of racial unification and New-World preparedness—not for war but for the coming social order. He finds a tradition and spirit conditioned by four centuries of history antithetic to the Hitlerian "New Order."

The Other America by Lawrence Griswold (Putnam. \$3) is a condensed manual of information giving facts and figures in so systematic a manner as to make this a miniature encyclopedia on each of the countries. Exact, lucid.

Meet the South Americans by Carl Crow (Harpers. \$3) is, in contrast, in-

COMMON GROUND

formal. These are personal impressions, the result of travel to gain an immediate knowledge of place, politics, markets, influences (including the Nazi pressures) and attitudes among the people and their rulers.

Salud! A South American Journal by Margaret Culkin Banning (Harpers. \$2.75) is also a personal record of travel and impression. Packed with conversations, contacts, novel episodes, it makes lively reading.

Philip Leonard Green's *Our Latin American Neighbors* (Hastings House. \$2) has a fine grasp of fundamentals. Racial origins, economic conditions, present trends, relations, prospects are all brought into one co-ordinated survey with breadth, clarity, and comprehensiveness. Formerly "a geographic stepchild," Latin America here looms as the frontier and potential center of a new civilization.

Lands of New World Neighbors by Hans Christian Adamson (Whittlesey House. \$3.50) is the most comprehensive of the list, treating each country of the hemisphere from the standpoint of colonization and development. Mr. Adamson has made history exciting, restored the thrill of discovery and pioneering, created a unified New-World picture in a book rich in historic lore, readable as fiction.

Henry C. Tracy is familiar to readers of this magazine as conductor of *The Bookshelf* for the past three issues.

Attention is called to the two lists of Recommended Reading in the field *COMMON GROUND* is exploring, published in earlier issues and available at a nominal price from the editorial offices in reprints, singly or in quantity.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

OF *COMMON GROUND*, published quarterly at New York, New York, for October 1, 1941.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared M. Margaret Anderson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Managing Editor of *Common Ground* and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Common Council for American Unity, Incorporated, 222 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Editor, Louis Adamic

222 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Managing Editor, M. Margaret Anderson
222 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Business Manager, Paul Laval

222 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

COMMON COUNCIL FOR AMERICAN UNITY, INCORPORATED, New York, N.Y., a membership corporation. Chairman: Nicholas Kelley; Vice-chairman: John Palmer Gavitt and Will Irwin; Treasurer: Eliot D. Pratt; Executive Director: Read Lewis.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

M. MARGARET ANDERSON, Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1941.

[Seal.]

HANNY L. COHRSEN,
Notary Public.

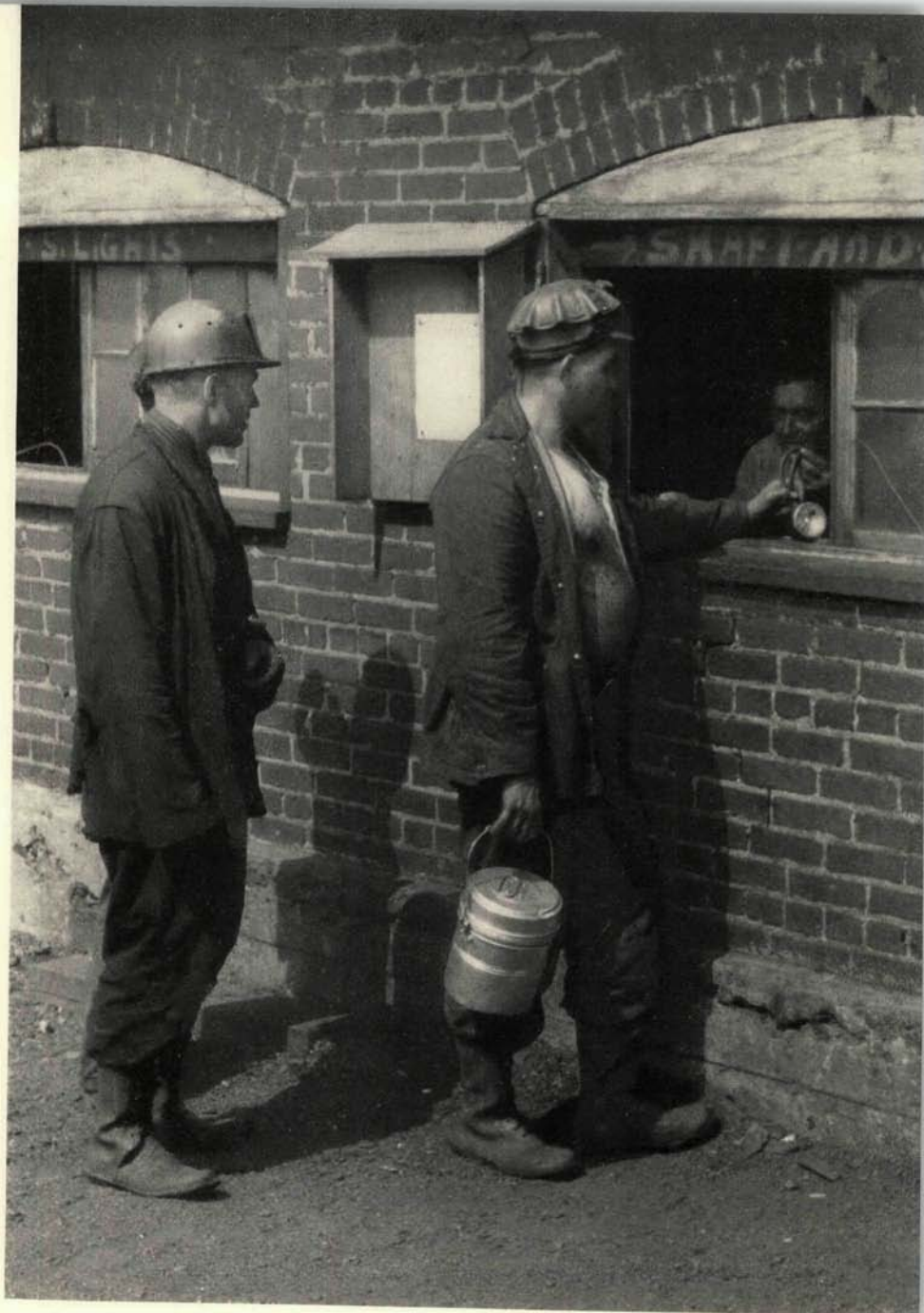
(My commission expires March 30, 1943.)



BREAKFAST



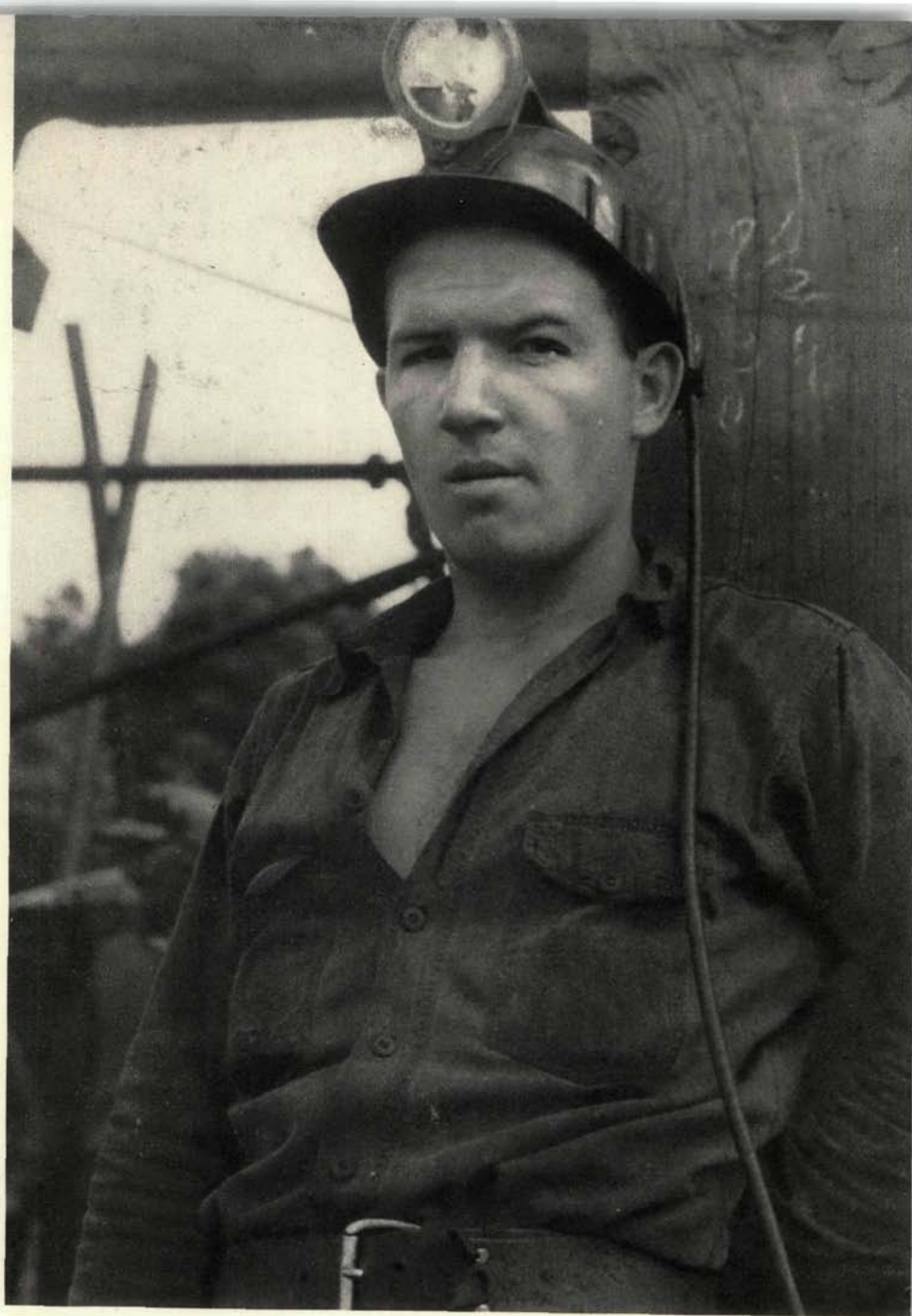
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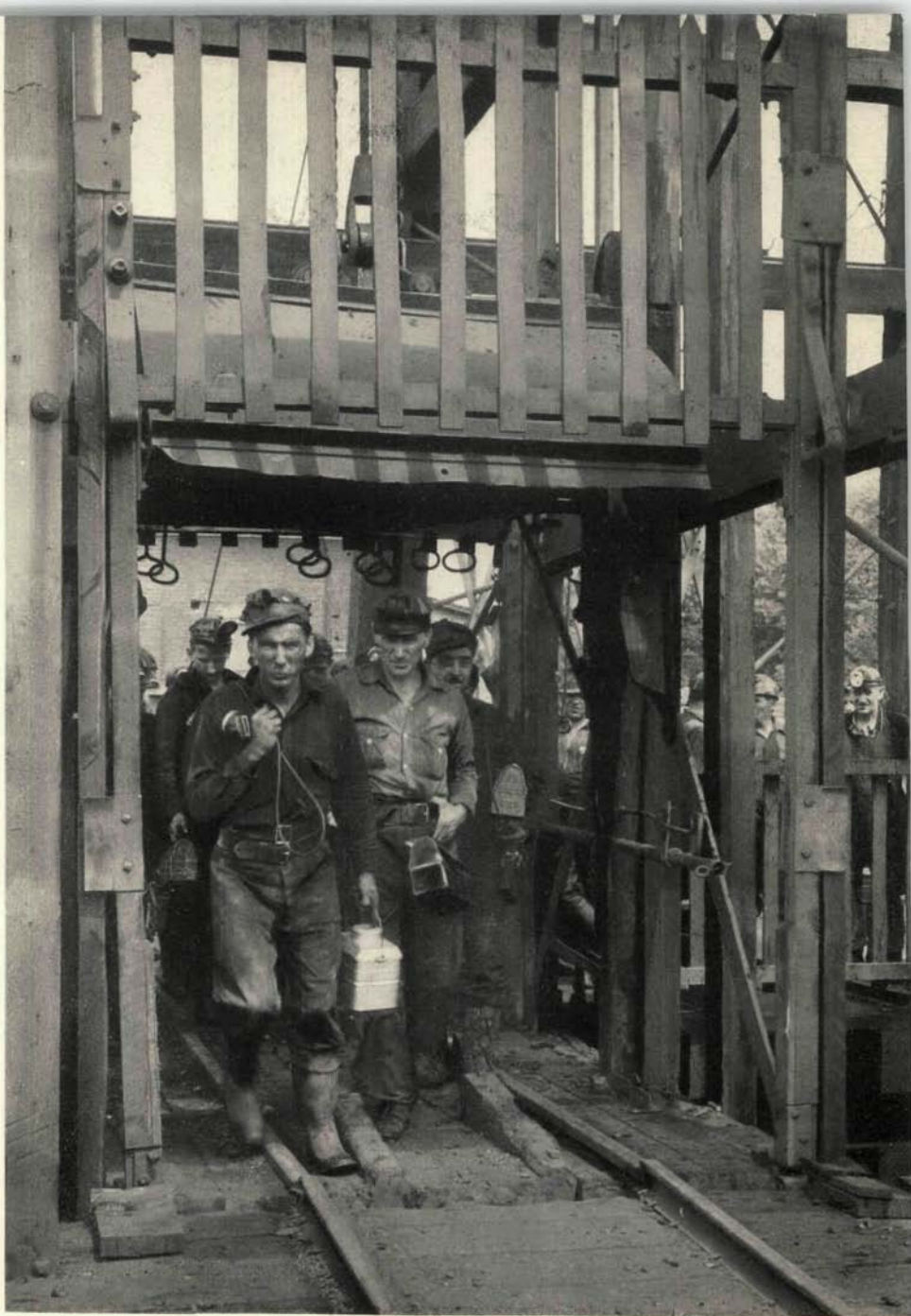
MINER



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DRILLING



UP FROM THE SHAFT



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